

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

No. 852, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Prince Eugene of Savoy. By Col. G. B. Malleon. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS book ought to remind Englishmen that a void exists in the national annals. Three men—we might add a fourth, Berwick—stand in the foremost rank as military chiefs throughout the great War of the Spanish Succession. The *Memoirs of Villars*, being now published in a genuine form for the first time, show how marvellous were the gifts of that warrior, despite faults of temper and judgment. But, except the poor performance of the late Sir A. Alison, we possess nothing like an adequate account of Marlborough's transcendent exploits in the field, though Lord Wolseley, it is said, has undertaken the task; and there is a tendency to underrate our renowned countryman owing to Macaulay's arts of detraction. Eugene of Savoy was the third of these chiefs; and in Col. Malleon—one of the best of the writers who have taken the operations of war in hand—the Austrian hero has found a chronicler not unworthy of his far-famed achievements. This is a small but an excellent and interesting book; and, though we dissent from some of the author's views, it forms a military narrative of a high order, illustrated by judicious criticism. Col. Malleon's industry deserves the greatest praise. He has gathered information from a hundred sources, and his descriptions of some of Eugene's campaigns add largely to what was already known, and are remarkable for their clearness and insight. His conclusions too, as a rule, are just, if occasionally warped by overpowering sympathy; and he has usually seized and faithfully portrayed the distinctive qualities of the illustrious man who stands out on his well-filled canvas. The book, however, has unquestionable faults. The narrative is of unequal merit, and especially fails, more than once, to bring out the shortcomings and faults of Eugene; and, on the whole, it abounds too much in details, and is somewhat deficient in breadth and outline. Col. Malleon, too, has not avoided the error common to most biographers. His estimate of Eugene is, we think, too high; and, as was to be expected, he has not been wholly just to the great colleague of the prince, Marlborough, whose genius in war we scarcely recognise in two or three of the author's chapters. We wish, moreover, that we had been furnished with the authorities on certain parts of the book, especially as regards the campaign of Blenheim; and the maps, we should add, contained in the volume are exceedingly bad, and unworthy of it.

We shall not attempt to follow in detail the splendid but chequered career of Eugene. Two passages in it—the one most brilliant,

the other marked by defeat and disaster—attract at once the true student of war. Col. Malleon has described with remarkable skill, and with real and complete knowledge, Eugene's great campaign of 1706 in the region between the Adige and Piedmont; and he justly observes that it prefigures the wonderful campaign of 1796, and may even stand beside that immortal contest. Undoubtedly it does not reveal instances of such extraordinary resource and genius as the sudden raising of the siege of Mantua, the astonishing pursuit and destruction of Würmser, the exquisite art and the heroic energy displayed along the dykes of Arcola, and the movements that led to the crowning day of Rivoli. But Eugene's march from the Po to Turin—a "prodigy of daring" in Napoleon's phrase—may fitly compare with the rapid advance of Napoleon himself from the spurs of the Alps to Mantua. Turin was even a more decisive victory than any single battle of 1796, and was a masterpiece of insight and skill; and Eugene turned the Adige to as good account, as a screen to cover a bold offensive, as Bonaparte used it as a line of defence, each chief reading, so to speak, the theatre with the intelligence that belongs to great captains alone.

Eugene's campaign of 1712 is less fully described in this work—Col. Malleon does not like the subject; but, though unfortunate in all respects, it does not the less deserve attention. The prince had, it is believed, disapproved of Marlborough's plan of invading France by the seaboard and the line of the Somme, after first reducing the frontier fortresses; and, when he was in sole command in 1712, he resolved on operations of a different kind, which, he calculated, would be quick and decisive. Holding Douay, Bouchain, and Le Quesnoy, strong places covering his front and flank, he sat down to besiege Landreçies; and his purpose was, when the fortresses had fallen, to march down the open valley of the Oise, and to finish the war by an attack on Paris, which was known to be incapable of resisting an enemy. The project was marked by daring genius, and was feasible in the exhausted condition of France; but Eugene had committed a single mistake, fraught in its results with a great catastrophe. Owing, it is said, to the timidity of the Dutch, he had not advanced his base of supplies. He reckoned, too, that Villars who, for many months, had stood on the defensive in neighbouring lines, would remain inactive, happen what might; and his line of operations, long drawn out and weak, extended from near the edge of the frontier, at Marchiennes, by Denain, to Landreçies. This faulty disposition proved fatal in the presence of an adversary who, in the great moves of war, combined, almost in the highest degree, the genius that conceives and the skill that executes. Villars, issuing as from his lair, near Cambray, and masking his purpose with consummate art, advanced as if to the relief of Landreçies; and then, countermarching with the greatest possible speed, he fell on the centre of Eugene at Denain, crushed the detachments sent to arrest his progress, and, having easily won a decisive battle and rent asunder the communications of his foe, made the intended invasion of France impossible. The results of Denain were almost magical.

The siege of Landreçies was soon raised; the captured fortresses fell, one by one, into the hands of the exulting French, and the standards of Villars had quickly reached the course of the Sambre and the edge of Flanders. France had been saved by one of her greatest soldiers through an inspiration of genius in war.

We must pass over, with scarcely a comment, the many other campaigns of Eugene. It was his fortune, like that of Napoleon, to have been the only great chief of that age—Charles of Lorraine hardly deserves the title—who fought against Islam, and triumphed in Christendom; and his victories over the hordes of the Turk saved the empire, and caused the cross to rise, in permanent lustre, over the crescent. His capacity in the field was revealed at Zenta, where he was in supreme command for the first time; and his daring and vigour were grandly displayed round Belgrade in almost his last campaign. From the first moment, in his campaigns in Italy, he perceived how the Adige could be made an avenue for a great offensive movement; and his march from Rovereto over mountain ranges never traversed before, perhaps, by an army—a march which completely surprised Catinat—was not unworthy of the great chief of Marengo. In his early Italian campaigns, however, he found a foeman worthy of his steel in Vendôme; and had that able, but untrustworthy, leader commanded the French in 1709 there would have been no disaster like that of Turin. The career of Eugene is crossed and blended with that of Marlborough in the Low Countries; but Col. Malleon evidently inclines to favour too much the hero of his work, and he does not even allude to Marlborough's exploit in turning the celebrated lines of Villars. It may fairly be said that Eugene and Marlborough divide the honours in the campaign of Oudenarde. Their success, in fact, was, in the main, due to the jealousies and bickerings of the French generals; and here history should again note the genius occasionally seen in Vendôme. Col. Malleon describes, with an impartial pen, the terrible and indecisive day of Malplaquet; and he is almost the only English writer who has done justice to the remarkable skill of Villars in his arrangements for the defence, and in his conduct of the battle itself—his fall by a wound having, perhaps, wrested victory from his heroic and far weaker army. A word or two on the great campaign of Blenheim. Col. Malleon has given it special care; but we should like to see the original sources on several points of his thoughtful narrative. We question if he is correct in saying that in 1704 the court of Versailles was intent on carrying out the magnificent project devised by Villars a year before—the marching down the Danube upon Vienna. The *Memoirs of Villars*, being now published, directly contradict a supposition of the kind. Col. Malleon asserts, and he may be right in this, that the original conception of Marlborough's march from the Meuse to the Danube was due to Eugene; but this does not detract from the skill displayed by the great Englishman in carrying out the plan. And if Col. Malleon truly points out that Eugene's movement as it did the worthless Villeroy, was the combination of a real chief, he

scarcely makes enough of this fine stroke of genius. As for the battle of Blenheim, Col. Malleon does full justice to the loyalty of Eugene in sending aid to his hard-pressed colleague; but he does not bring out in sufficient relief the admirable judgment and skill of Marlborough, and he is more French than any French writer in asserting that, at one critical moment, Tallard might have gained a complete victory.

Col. Malleon's estimate of Eugene of Savoy coincides with our own in many respects. The prince stands on the list of masters of war made by Napoleon in his commentaries on the art; and he certainly possessed some of the distinctive gifts and qualities of the modern Hannibal. He was daring to a fault, like the renowned Corsican; and to this many of his triumphs are due. But he was overconfident, too, like Napoleon. He had not Marlborough's unerring judgment; and the result was seen in the catastrophe of Denain. He had one of Napoleon's highest faculties—the power of understanding a theatre of war, and making its peculiarities serve his ends; and he had, though in a less degree, another of Napoleon's special merits—the power of vigorously pressing on a defeated foe. He was thus a strategist of a very high order—bold, scientific, and brilliant in the extreme; and, as his *coup d'ail* in the field was excellent, he was, in every sense, a great leader in war. We think, however, that in pure strategy he was, on the whole, inferior to Villars. No conception of Eugene can compare with that of the march upon Vienna, projected by Villars in 1703, and capable of accomplishment with ease in that year; or with that of the invasion of Germany made in 1713-14. And Eugene did not surpass Villars in the conduct of troops on the field of battle; indeed, he was repeatedly beaten by him. Col. Malleon is just to the great French warrior, the true precursor of the Napoleon of Ulm, and of the memorable campaign that ended at Wagram; but, as we have said, he is unfair to Marlborough in several parts of this valuable work. Marlborough has been scarcely equalled as a leader of troops—neither Eugene nor Villars can show a Ramillies, a victory won by a stroke of tactics; and, even as a strategist, we see that Marlborough had always sound and even striking views, and would have accomplished more than he did had he not been hampered by Dutch deputies and by the jealousies of ill-assorted allies. In one respect, however, Eugene certainly towers over his great colleague and his illustrious foe. He was one of the most loyal and noble-minded of men. The fine parts of Villars were largely marred by arrogance and unwise vanity; and whatever excuses may be made for him, there are "damned spots" upon Marlborough's fame.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Departmental Ditties, and other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. Third Edition. (Thacker.)

MR. KIPLING'S ditties have well earned the honours of a third edition. They possess the one quality which entitles *vers de société* to live. For they reflect with light gaiety the thoughts and feelings of actual men and women, and are true as well as clever.

Neither wit nor sparkling epigram, nor the laboriously laughable rhyme, but this element of truth alone can save the poet of a set from oblivion.

As Pope admits us to a real belle's toilette in the reign of Queen Anne and allows us to look over her hand at ombre; or as Præd preserves alive the political coterie-life of half a century ago; or as Bret Harte, in his sadder way, places us down among the saloon-gamblers of the West with their stray gleams of compunction and tenderness—so Mr. Kipling achieves the feat of making Anglo-Indian society flirt and intrigue visibly before our eyes. It is not, as he discloses it, a very attractive society. Its flirtations will seem rather childish to a London coquette, its intrigues very small to a parliamentary wire-puller. But, if Mr. Kipling makes his little Simla folk rather silly, he also makes them very real. The Mayfair matron, accustomed to calmly play her musical pawns at her matinées, will indeed marvel that any woman should take the trouble which the Simla lady took to capture one singing subaltern. The "Legend of the Indian Foreign Office" may seem to the diplomatic youth whose windows look out on Downing Street to be better suited to the civic parlour of some small pushing mayor. Although, however, Mr. Kipling's stage is a narrow one, his players are very much alive, and they go through their pranks in quite fresh dresses, and with all the accessories of true tears and ogle, audible sighs and laughter.

It is a curious little world to which he introduces us. The few English men of letters who have passed a portion of their lives in India, from Philip Francis to Macaulay, and the still rarer stray scholar from foreign parts, like Csoma de Körös, who has sojourned there, seem to have found Anglo-Indian society sometimes bizarre, and more often intolerably dull. It is this weariness of uncongenial social surroundings which gives to Sir Alfred Lyall's poems their note of peculiar pathos. In spite of the brilliance of his own career, India is ever to him the Land of Regrets. The merry little people who flirt through Mr. Kipling's ditties look out on the scene with altogether different eyes. They may detest the country and dislike the natives, but they find their own small lives vastly amusing. Their personal tastes and their code of public morals are equally simple. Their highest ideal of enjoyment would seem, according to Mr. Kipling, to be a stringed band and a smooth floor. Their most serious aim in life, we learn from the same observer, is "an 'appointment'"—signifying thereby not an opportunity for doing work, but a device for drawing pay. This great object of existence in the ditties is apparently best to be achieved by flirting, fibbing, and conjugal collusion. Thus Mr. Potiphar Gubbins, the hero of one poem, gets hoisted over the heads of his brother engineers by the fascinations of his wife—an attractive and a complaisant young person who, for reasons of her own, has married Potiphar, although "coarse as a chimpanzee." Another piece relates how Mr. Sleary, an impecunious subaltern secretly engaged to a lady in England, obtains an appointment by proposing to the daughter of an Indian official. Having secured the post, he frightens his fiancée Number

Two out of the engagement by pretending to have epileptic fits, then nobly marries fiancée Number One, and lives with her happily ever after on the produce of his fraud. In the ditty of Delilah, a veteran Simla charmer wheedles a State secret out of an aged Councillor and betrays it to a younger admirer, who, in turn, promptly betrays it to the press. In the story of Uriah, an officer is despatched to Quetta and dies there, in order that his wife may more freely amuse herself at Simla with the senior who got him sent out of the way. A private secretaryship is the well-earned reward of a young gentleman who receives a kiss by mistake at a masked ball, and who has the extraordinary chivalry or prudence not to publish the lady's name. These little *contes*, with various duller, if more decorous, jobs like that of the Chatham colonel, may seem poor stuff for verse. But Mr. Kipling handles each situation with a light touch and a gay malice, which make it difficult to be quite sure whether he sincerely admires his pretty marionettes, or whether he is not inwardly chafing and raging at the people among whom he is condemned to live. He very calmly expounds the scheme of creation in his curious Anglo-India world:

"We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
Prehistoric India:
Whoso draw the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

"'Dowb,' the first of all his race,
Met the mammoth face to face,
On the lake or in the cave:
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew.
Died—and took the finest grave.

"When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist—then
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
Through the toil of other men.

"Who shall doubt 'the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid'
Was that the contractor 'did'
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On Pharaoh's swart Civilians?"

If this were Mr. Kipling's highest flight his poems would scarcely have reached a third edition. But in the midst of much flippancy and cynicism come notes of a pathetic loneliness and a not ignoble discontent with himself, which have something very like the ring of genius. Making verses, however clever, for the mess-room and the lawn-tennis club cannot be an altogether satisfying life-work. To Mr. Kipling, as to Sir Alfred Lyall in our own time, or to poor Leyden in the past, and, indeed, to every man of the true literary temperament who has had to spend his years in India, that country is still the "sultry and sombre Noverca—the Land of Regrets." There are many stanzas and not a few poems in this little volume which go straight to the heart of all who have suffered, or are now suffering, the long pain of tropical exile. For besides the silly little world which disports itself throughout most of the ditties, there is another Anglo-Indian world which for high aims, and a certain steadfastness in effort after the personal interest in

effort is well nigh dead, has never had an equal in history. Some day a writer will arise—perhaps this young poet is the destined man—who will make that nobler Anglo-Indian world known as it really is. It will then be seen by what a hard discipline of endurance our countrymen and countrywomen in India are trained to do England's greatest work on the earth. Heat, solitude, anxiety, ill-health, the never-ending pain of separation from wife and child, these are not the experiences which make men amusing in after life. But these are the stern teachers who have schooled one generation of Anglo-Indian administrators after another to go on quietly and resolutely, if not hopefully, with their appointed task. Of this realistic side of Anglo-Indian life Mr. Kipling also gives glimpses. His serious poems seem to me the ones most full of promise. Taken as a whole, his book gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the east. An almost virgin field of literary labour there awaits some man of genius. The hand which wrote "The Last Department" in this little volume is surely reserved for higher work than breaking those poor pretty Simla butterflies on the wheel. W. W. HUNTER.

"Badminton Library."—*Boating*. By W. B. Woodgate. (Longmans.)

MR. WOODGATE is a man of the sixties; he won the Oxford Sculls in '61, the Wingfield Sculls (London) in '62 and '64, and lost the latter in '65, '66, and '68. He and his partners won the Oxford pairs in '60 and the Henley pairs in '61, '62, '63, and '66. He was bow of the winning Oxford eight in April, '62, and four in the winning eight of '63. A rare good record this, entitling a man to have an opinion on sculls and oars, and how to use them. And, undoubtedly, there is much of interest and value to boating men in Mr. Woodgate's book, though it leaves on one the impression that the writer has not kept up his sculling and rowing, and that he has treated his subject rather as paddling than racing, has not put his muscles into it in the way he did on the river when he had the satisfaction of so often contemplating the backs of the men he beat: a cheering sight that—few landscapes come up to it.

Of the 340 pages of this book, ninety-five are taken up with lists of crews and races, club rules, the amateur definition, and the Conservancy Act. Twenty-five pages go to Dr. Warre's introduction on biremes, aphraets, kataphraets, &c.; and seventeen pages to Mr. Mason's chapter on rowing at Eton. Thus, Mr. Woodgate's writing in the book comes down to about two hundred pages; and, with the many topics he has to treat in this small space, he is obliged to do little more than mention the rowing at Westminster, Bedford, Radley, Dublin, the Tyne, &c.—places on which other Mr. Masons might well have given us a few pages each. Cambridge naturally gets somewhat less attention than Oxford. Mr. Woodgate does not give us credit for the introduction of narrow boats which followed on Newell's beating Clasper in January, 1846—the only time Clasper ever was beaten—in a wager-boat he could just sit in, built on the lines of the boat I put together

(with Beasley, of John's) in the Long Vacation of 1845. He has nothing about the change of the racing course and the division of the classes into upper and lower boats; and he does not discuss Mr. Muttelbury's latest modification of the doctrine of "slide" to which the Third-Trinity men attribute our Varsity win last March, namely, that there should be no holding up of the slide, no pause in the move-back, but very gradual retrocession, swing and slide always ending together. (I doubt the wisdom of this change, and should like to hear Mr. Muttelbury's reasons for it.) No word either has Mr. Woodgate of the reform which has already begun, and must prevail when young rowing men follow commonsense instead of tradition and prejudice, in the instruments for propelling pairs, fours, and eights—that is, the substitution of the superior sculls for the inferior oars. To any eye accustomed to a well-sculled pair or four, the wrench and twist of even the best oar-pairs and fours this year at Henley was a painful sight. The boats seemed to protest against the palpable absurdity of men sitting on opposite sides of them instead of in their middle, and applying the driving power at separated points on alternate sides instead of equally at opposite points on each side, while the wrenching and unsteady oars give one-third less fulcrum space than the steady sculls for driving the boat forward, besides preventing the two sides of the body being equally developed. Mr. Woodgate's failure to notice the practical proofs of the superiority of sculls to oars which the trials by the London, Thames, and Maurice clubs have given is a serious blemish in his book; but, obstinate as the Toryism of rowing-men young and old is, the Reform party of sculls is bound to win in the long run.

But though Mr. Woodgate says nothing of double-sculls, or sculling-fours or eights, he treats single-sculls and wager-boats fairly, though so much behind time is he that he does not mention or picture a swivel once in his book. Still, grumble as one does, and ought to, at certain of Mr. Woodgate's shortcomings, his book is a very valuable one, which all oar- and scull-men will be thankful for. It does enable anybody to learn to row and scull properly himself, and teach others how to do so. It gives him model rules for any club he wishes to form; and it has the latest directions for the right steering of the course from Putney to Hammersmith. The illustrations from photographs are valuable, and the "Windsor," on p. 200, is charming. Artists sometimes ridicule photographs as ruinous to art; the blessing of them is that they give us facts. Let anyone who knows how racing-boats start, contrast the fact as represented by the photograph at Oxford, opposite p. 170, all the oars flat on the water, ready to start at the gun, with the artist's fancy at Henley (the old course), opposite p. 40, where the oars are all in the water, as if the eights had started, and yet five in the Berks boat is quietly contemplating the inside of his uplifted left hand, as if he had a bad blister on it. This cut should really be cancelled by a photographic substitute in the second edition, which *Boating* will surely reach.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Mary Stewart. A Brief Statement of the Principal Charges which have been brought against her, together with the Answers to the same. By the late John Hosack. (Blackwood.)

THE character of Mary of Scotland has been the battle-ground of theological partisans for upwards of three centuries, and there seems to be little reason for hoping that the zeal of her enemies and admirers will be diverted into more profitable channels. The party of attack have had, of late years, so far as England is concerned, much the advantage. A popular writer on the history of the sixteenth century, whose word-pictures it is impossible to forget, has painted Mary with consummate art as one of the vilest of the human race.

The late Mr. Hosack knew far more of the events of her reign than any other person who has in recent days written on Scottish history. His *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers*, published in 1869 and 1874, was held by many persons to be a triumphant reply to all the damaging assertions which affect her personal honour. Hosack was a learned student, but his book never became popular. It suffered from the two volumes of which it consists being issued at intervals wide apart, and from the fact that a defence can never be made so entertaining as an attack; and also from the need he knew there to be of clearing the ground so that the reader might be in a position to know how the case really stood, very much dry detail had to be mastered, of a kind most unwelcome to anyone but the antiquarian student.

Mr. Hosack's former volumes, though invaluable as a store of well-arranged facts, required supplementing by a popular work, which should present the facts of the case in the shortest and clearest possible form. On this Mr. Hosack was engaged when he died. His representatives have exercised a wise discretion in publishing the manuscript as he left it. Though the book is imperfect, all those parts are complete which deal with the graver charges which affect the minds of the men of our generation.

In our opinion Mr. Hosack has thoroughly proved his case. We cannot believe, if it were not a subject with which theological passion is blended, that anyone would now accept the evidence of documents which are so evidently forgeries. It can no more be to the interest of Protestantism that these calumnious fabrications should be accepted than it is for the welfare of those who accept the old religion that they should continue to receive the False Decretals as the product of the age to which they profess to belong. A fierce controversy has long raged as to the genuineness of the Casket Letters. If they were witnesses to truth, those who advocate Mary's innocence would certainly have no case whatever. It is useless now to consider the evidence external and internal which has been held to prove that they were manufactured for the purpose of bringing about the death of an innocent victim. However the case may have stood formerly, Mr. Hosack succeeded in discovering a fact, which—unless it can be explained away, and of that there seems no chance—must render all the evidence produced by the Scotch plotters and their literary abettors absolutely worthless in the eyes of anyone who knows how to weigh

evidence. We will give the facts in Mr. Hosack's own words:

"On his return to Scotland, Murray was appointed Regent, and the first judicial account of the evidence against the Queen is contained in a pretended copy of an Act of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated 4th December, 1567. It is printed in Haynes . . . from the collections at Hatfield, and was no doubt sent to Cecil by Murray to justify the deposition and imprisonment of the Queen. This paper states, among other matters, that 'by divers her privie letters, written and subscrivit with her own hand, it is most certain that the Queen was privie to the murder of the king.'"

This document professes to be signed by a large number of the Scottish nobility, so many of them that it has always appeared to those most thoroughly convinced of the queen's innocence that the Scottish Privy Council must have had before them some documents written by Mary which seemed to bear out this foul charge. Mr. Hosack, however, undertook to investigate the whole case thoroughly, and, not content with the Hatfield transcript, endeavoured to find the original of which it professes to be a copy. The Privy Council books are still preserved in the Edinburgh Register House. The result of his search was that he discovered that the original record

"contains no such Act as that printed in Haynes, and stated to be a true copy of the original. No original exists, and no original ever existed. There is not the remotest reference to be found in the Register Book relating to the alleged letters of the Queen."

It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Hosack's discovery. It opens out to us a terrible picture of the earnestness of these desperate men. Mr. Hosack was a most careful and accurate investigator. It is most improbable that he should have made a mistake on a point so vital. The Register Office in Edinburgh is, like our own Record Office, open to all. Everyone who is interested in the matter, and who can read the handwriting of the sixteenth-century scribes, can verify his statement for themselves. We have personally never seen the volume for 1567, but we have examined those of a few years earlier, and from the way in which the books have been made up we are quite sure that sheets cannot have been abstracted without leaving marks of mutilation. This is a matter of the deepest interest, not so much in its relations to the captive queen as in its general bearing on the history of the period. That Mr. Hosack was accurate in his statement does not admit of doubt. Since his book was published, a friend has inspected the volume on our behalf, and his report is that

"Mr. Hosack is correct in saying that the minute of the Privy Council of December 4, 1567, printed by Haynes from a copy at Hatfield, is not in the Privy Council Register."

If it be really true that Murray and those who worked with him were willing for their own purposes to forge important documents for the sake of deceiving Elizabeth's ministers, what amount of trust can we place on a vast number of other papers which exist and are received as materials for Scottish history and whose general truthfulness has hitherto been admitted by all investigators?

Mr. Hosack was of opinion that Mary's having granted a pension out of her French dowry to Hamilton, the Scottish gentleman

who shot the regent, Murray, as he rode down the street of Linlithgow was an act "which cannot be justified." It is a trivial question. At this distance of time it is hardly worth considering whether this kind of almsgiving was right or wrong, or whether any words of praise or blame can be made to apply to such a matter. The whole time, so far as Scotland is concerned, reeks with murder. Hardly one of the leading men can be pointed out who had not been the active agent or participator in deeds which all right-thinking men, could they happen now, would brand as murders. Hamilton was certainly not worse than many others whom the partisan historians are in the habit of praising. It is quite possible that Mary may have considered his act a meritorious one. Whatever we may think now, at that time such a belief would certainly have been what writers on morals have called a "probable opinion." EDWARD PEACOCK.

Tuscan Studies and Sketches. By Leader Scott. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS book is divided into two parts: the first deals with subjects artistic and historical; the second takes us out of the town into the country as far as Viareggio, Siena, and Volterra.

The opening study gives us the history of three famous blocks of marble—"potential blocks," Leader Scott calls them—which afterwards became the three famous colossi of Florence: Michel Angelo's "David," Bandinelli's "Hercules," and Ammannati's "Neptune." The story is well enough told; but it only rises to a point of high interest when that headlong devil-may-care artist Cellini appears upon the scene and endeavours to secure for himself the "povero malfortunato marmo," which was about to fall into the hands of Bandinelli. Leader Scott's aesthetic perceptions frequently give us pause; for instance, she talks of the "fresh boyish expression" on the face of the David. Surely no remark could be less just. David's face is that of a full-grown man—heavily weighted with the care of a great resolve. Again (p. 272), we are told that "to see the frescoes [of Belcaro] after Sodoma's grand religious inspirations is to read Byron after Milton"—a remark which seems to us to miss the luscious sweetness which there surely is in Bazzi's work and to do an injustice to the great strength of Byron.

In the second study we have a very fair account of the way in which the Laurentian Library was formed, and of the many vicissitudes and dangers through which the priceless MSS. passed before they found their final rest and safety chained to the desks of Michel Angelo's noble hall. It is interesting to note that the reason why the works of such writers as Alexander of Hales, Albertus Magnus, and Antonino of Florence, appear so frequently among the earliest monuments of the printing press is because those authors formed part of the ideal library proposed by Nicholas V., thus affording another proof of the intimate connexion between early printing and MS. By the way, Leader Scott is a little unjust to bookworms when she accuses them at large of being unwilling to lend their treasures. We have only to remember "Maioli et amicorum," "Jo. Grolieri et amicorum,"

"sibi et amicis" of many a priceless volume, to see that this judgment requires modification.

Perhaps the most interesting study in the volume is that on "Old Italian Organs." It contains a great deal of curious information. The author observes that an organ was usually spoken of as *un paio d'organi*. She does not explain the exact import of this, but we may notice that the Scotch speak of a pair of bagpipes. On p. 83 *symphonia* is printed for *symphonia*; and on p. 87 occurs the very common mistake of "Cassiodorus" for "Cassiodorius." In the study on Florentine mosaics Leader Scott prints a valuable list of the stones used in that art. This study is followed by a charming description of an ideal cinquecento palace, built by the old Florentine merchant, Salvi Borgherini, with its wealth of chairs, *cassoni*, carved chimney-pieces, the work of such masters as Andrea del Sarto, Granacci, and Pontormo. While the last study but one gives us the history of the "Cenacolo" on Monte Olivetto, the work of Bazzi, cut and hacked about, but still standing there to show what "the wronged great soul of an ancient master" has had to suffer.

The "Sketches," which form the second part of the volume, are pleasantly written; though less interesting because less fresh, less learned than the "Studies." We have a description of a vintage, drawn from life, with the usual talk about *pergolas*, *bigonce*, *tini*, *podere*, *stornelli*, &c.; a good chapter on Tuscan mushrooms and fungi—Leader Scott is really learned upon edibles, as anyone may see who reads her account of the Florentine marketplace—and a rather amusing description of Italian company at the baths. One sketch alone rises above mediocrity—that is the account of a *Giostra* at a small village in the hills, with its brilliant and interesting analysis of the play of "Semiramide," as written for and interpreted by the rustic Tuscans. We cannot agree with the note on p. 226, claiming for Rinnuccini the founding of the opera in 1594 by the composition of his "Daphne"; for earlier than that, in 1472, Poliziano in his "Orfeo" had really sown the seeds of the opera, the tragedy, and the pastoral play, as Leader Scott will see if she refers to Mr. Symonds's *Sketches and Studies in Italy* (p. 226 and the note).

H. F. BROWN.

Goethe und Karl August. Von H. Düntzer. (Leipzig: Dyk'sche Buchhandlung.)

IN 1859 Prof. Düntzer finished his book on Goethe and Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar "during the first fifteen years of their connexion." I think that this was published first in 1860 by Kirchbach. If so, it was very soon taken over by Dyk of Leipzig and sent out with a title-page dated 1861. In 1865 appeared a continuation on Goethe and Karl August from 1790 to 1805. A third part coming down to 1828, the year of the duke's death, was eagerly desired by all who wished to study with thoroughness the texture of Goethe's life. But Prof. Düntzer found himself hindered by the pressure of other work, and by the lack of materials which, though known to exist, were not published. Now, in 1888, a second edition

of the two first parts is set before us, conjoined with the valuable third part—the chronicle from 1805 to 1828. The whole is a neat volume of nearly 1000 pages, clearly printed on fairly good paper, and made complete by an excellent index.

The substance of this volume is an exact, laborious chronicle of Goethe and his duke for the space of fifty-three years. At the top of each right-hand page you find month and year. Is there a question as to any detail of Goethe's life, you can, by reference to these pages, fix its place in the sequence. You can see what went before and what followed, and thus in some measure gauge its importance, while you also perceive what further references will serve your purpose. If you are reading other books about Goethe or his correspondence or diaries, this book, by its peculiar nature, will constantly serve, as though it were a body of notes. It is a valuable precursor of a true Life of Goethe—a work still unwritten.

This is not properly a second edition of parts 1 and 2; for, after so many years, and such a development of Goethe study, Prof. Düntzer considered it best to rewrite rather than revise. The present book accords more precisely with its title. It does not treat with so wide a scope of those parts of Goethe's life and action where the contact of Karl August is not felt. The reader will, however, be sorry that Prof. Düntzer has omitted all footnotes. These, in the first edition, were very numerous, and of much interest and value. However, their author brought their work down, and had in mind some difference in the design of his book. Though a chronicle, this is not a mere chronicle. The reader is in contact with the actual life of two powerful men; and as for the author, even should you sometimes fail to see with his eyes, you must feel that he writes as a master of the subject, one in whom strong ardour has never been tired by difficulty nor stifled by a vast knowledge.

T. W. LYSER.

NEW NOVELS.

Paid in His Own Coin. By E. J. Goodman. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

All or Nothing. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Spencer Blackett.)

Maiwa's Revenge. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

Bledisloe. By Ada M. Trotter. (Alexander Gardner.)

Police-sergeant C. 21. By Reginald Barnett. (Walter Scott.)

The Paradox Club. By Edward Garnett. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. GOODMAN'S new story is, in directness of style and ingenuity of plot, a decided advance upon *Too Curious*. One is, indeed, almost tempted to regret that a writer who is capable of drawing such an admirable compound of feminine strength and tenderness as Helen Musgrave should have devoted himself to the task of hunting down so commonplace a scoundrel as Abel Wynd. Not that the hunt is not skilfully planned and carried out. In the end, it is true, Mr. Goodman spoils his own creation, Oliver Crayke, by converting

him from a connoisseur in murders, or amateur Lecocq, into a raving maniac. But in recent English fiction at all events there is nothing at all comparable to the serpentine cleverness with which Crayke worms himself into the confidence and the secrets of the poisoner Wynd, who, on being tried, has been found not guilty of the murder of his father-in-law simply for want of evidence, tracks him down, and finally destroys him without being actually guilty of murder himself. One can even forgive Crayke, before he degenerates into a sort of Hyde, for experimenting with Wynd's poison on Matthew Musgrave, the father of Helen, for so foolish a creature deserved to be brought within an inch of the grave for his self-indulgent egotism, even more than for his literary criminality in inflicting bad verse upon the public. Musgrave is a very good caricature of the weakly vain poetaster, although, perhaps, the plot to obtain for him a favourable newspaper notice of his execrable epic is too grotesquely improbable. Musgrave reminds one of Harold Skimpole just a little, and, indeed, the chief difference between the two is that the one is an unconscious and the other a conscious humbug. Skimpole's daughters were, however, clearly of his flesh and blood, whereas Helen Musgrave, the heroine of *Paid in His Own Coin*, and a sufficiently strong-minded and strong-willed young woman to be the good genius of all the weaker characters in the story, seems to have none of her father in her at all. Helen's lover, Mark Elliot, a young doctor, who is at once the foil to and the rival of Abel Wynd, resembles her far more than does her father; the resemblance, in fact, is such as to suggest that they ought to have been brother and sister. Mr. Goodman is not particularly successful in his evolution of the story of Helen and Elliot, which he has obviously thought it necessary to bring into his book as a relief to the plotting of Wynd and the counter-plotting of Crayke. His introduction of Mrs. Fleming, an effusive widow who flings herself at Elliot's head, is too much of a *tour de force*, and is too transparently a device to make Helen jealous. Mr. Goodman's errors are, however, only the errors of a beginner in fiction. *Paid in His Own Coin* is greatly superior to ordinary novels in those respects in which ordinary novels are strong. Nor has the author any reason whatever to dread a comparison between it and rivals of the extraordinary order to which it properly belongs.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey is one of the few lady novelists of the day who write far too little, but who, when they do write, write as if they respected themselves and their public equally. *All or Nothing* appears opportunely enough, therefore, inasmuch as it reminds us of this fact. It is, in all points, one of Mrs. Cashel Hoey's best books; thus, although it is inferior in plot-interest to *A Stern Chase*, which appeared a few years ago, it is very much superior to it as a study of character. It is, in fact, a study of four couples, Edward Dunstan and Janet Monro, Robert Thornton and Laura Chumleigh, John Sandilands and Julia Carmichael, Wilfrid Esdaile and Amabel Ainslie, who are in the habit of jostling each other in country houses, more particularly in Scotland, as folks who do not require to work

for their living are apt to do. It is to the credit of Mrs. Hoey that only one of these couples—Esdaile and Miss Ainslie—becomes uninteresting before the end of the story is reached. Mrs. Hoey has devoted an especial amount of pains to her portraits of Laura Chumleigh, Julia Carmichael, and Janet Monro. Janet is, perhaps, the best character she has ever drawn; and in her conscientiousness, her devotion to her ideals, her generosity, and her unpretentious unselfishness is one of the most attractive and the least conventional of girls to be found in recent fiction. But was it quite necessary that Mrs. Hoey should have hinted in her last chapter at a marriage between Laura and Dunstan, the most selfish people in her story, after the one has become a widow and the other a widower? Ought she not rather to have allowed them to have so far benefited by their unions with persons morally above them as to have the grace to live apart, content with the memory of lost companionship?

Maiwa's Revenge will not take rank with Mr. Rider Haggard's more ambitious efforts. It is only one of the everlasting Allan Quatermain's after-dinner yarns, and a short one for him. It tells how Quatermain shot some very big game, and how he aided a South African amazon to avenge the death of her child on its murderer, who is her husband and its father. The first part of the story decidedly flags. One gets tired of Allan's rounds with elephants. M. Jules Verne would have managed these Munchausenish combats much better, and would have infused a good deal more humour into the telling of them. When, however, Mr. Haggard comes to narrate how Maiwa, with the help of her father Nala's braves, and Quatermain's bullets and strategy, punishes her husband Wambe for killing her child by means of "the thing that bites"—in other words, a lion-trap—he is seen to more advantage. He gives some spirited battle scenes and perhaps a superabundance of carnage, while Maiwa makes a more than passable Boadicea.

Although Miss Trotter has sought too strenuously, perhaps, to gratify a craze of the hour—for which the popularity of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is mainly responsible—by giving *Bledisloe* an "international" character, she has, nevertheless, produced a very readable and a very pleasant book. "Aunt Pen's American nieces" do not seem peculiarly American, but they are charmingly vivacious girls, and so justify their creation. The contrast between them and their English cousins, although that is not quite the same as the contrast between the United States and England, is very prettily brought out. Of these cousins the gruff lawyer Kent Beresford is perhaps a trifle too abrupt in speech, although in other respects he is the best character in the story. Miss Trotter's account of the emancipation of poor Martin Gwynne, the "mad squire," from the fetters of a life of morbid library seclusion by the sprightly Sylvie, although it can scarcely be said to be altogether original, is nevertheless told in a way that will greatly please readers who are yet in their teens. The central tragedy of *Bledisloe* seems, however, to be unnecessarily painful. No doubt there

are selfish self-indulgent fathers who are willing, like the Rev. Russel Somers, to sell their daughters to old men as a means of escape from their financial embarrassments. But would it not have been more in harmony with the general brightness of *Bledisloe* had the luckless Effie's champion, Irwine, who is hot-headed enough in all conscience, put in an appearance in the character of young Lochinvar, and carried her off from the "nabob" at the church door?

Mr. Reginald Barnett deserves a word of hearty commendation if only for his conscientiousness. His book, as its title implies, is one of those shilling mysteries which are believed—though, perhaps, erroneously—to be in great demand at this season; and undoubtedly Mr. Barnett gives his readers full value for their money. His volume consists of 305 closely printed pages. It begins with a murder to which there appears to be no clue. The right man is apprehended at the wrong time, and is set free, while another person, who is perfectly innocent, is arrested with what appear to be convincing proofs of her guilt in her possession. Then the murderer is found to be mixed up with the early life of the man who apprehends him. Add to these complications the now familiar melodramatic "business" of a competition between metropolitan and local talent in detective work, and it must be allowed that Mr. Barnett does not spare himself any more than he spares his readers. But beyond all question he has produced an excellent work of its class—cleverly constructed, carefully written, full of incident, and thoroughly healthy in tone.

There is some smartness in *The Paradox Club*, which is a skit upon some of the enthusiasms and fads of the time rather than a story, in spite of the marriage between Patrick and Nina Lindon which is foreshadowed in the penultimate page. *The Paradox Club* is composed of more or less "emancipated" men and women—including one or two boys and girls—who meet together (on one occasion on London Bridge at midnight) and discuss socialism, "the woman question," poetry, realistic novels, and, in fact, every thing that is debated in the smoking-rooms of ordinary clubs. Surely, however, the talk of the members of the *Paradox Club* occasionally becomes risky, as when Lofthouse, the poet, affirms that "Sterne first taught the English to refine coarseness and enjoy indelicacy," in the presence of ladies, one of whom, the girl Nina, admits to having read Zola, although "Maupassant disgusts me." Smartness apart, there is nothing very notable in *The Paradox Club*. There is a good deal of straining after effect of the kind that Peacock was partial to. But the conversations in *The Paradox Club* are not nearly so brilliant as Peacock's. Mr. Garnett would have done well, too, to have studied Peacock's Scotchmen before drawing the miserable McWhirter, who seems to be good only for declaring that certain ideas have not yet reached Edinburgh. The author of *The Paradox Club* is obviously a very young man, who has skimmed the surface of most of the leading controversies of the time. But this first effort supplies no data for judging whether he will or will not do anything important in literature.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME ECONOMICAL BOOKS.

How the Peasant Owner lives in Parts of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia. By Lady Verney. (Macmillan.) This is one more volume of reprinted magazine articles, all intended to show how much superior the lot of the English agricultural labourer is to that of the Continental peasant proprietor. The information collected is in a way authentic; and, of course, the author does not intentionally misrepresent its bearing; but the articles are too short to give more than a very small selection from the facts available; and as those selected are all taken from the evidence on one side, they are, at least, as likely to mislead as to instruct. There are, happily, in all the countries she refers to, reformers interested in the welfare of the poorest cultivators who call attention to the evils from which they suffer; and from such sources it is easy to draw up an indictment against any of the existing systems of cultivation or land tenure. But it does not follow that, because the serious writers of one nation are dissatisfied with the conditions of their own peasantry, the best way of improving it would be to copy some different system with different drawbacks, but not necessarily superior advantages. Lady Verney makes no attempt to weigh the *pros* and *cons* on either side—to consider how far the unceasing toil of the French peasant is lightened to him by the pride of ownership, and the consciousness that all the profits of his industry will be his own; or to balance the anxieties of the proprietor, who sees the fate of his crop hang upon the chances of the season, with those of the labourer, liable to be thrown out of work by equally uncontrollable and remoter chances, and unable, save by the rarest combination of good luck, to escape the prospect of the workhouse in old age. She does not even compare, as it would be useful to do, item by item, the lodging, food, clothing, and the other expenses and possessions of English and other villagers. She notes in remote French villages what strikes the British tourist as lamentable examples of dirt and discomfort; and, setting these down to the discredit of peasant proprietorship, she contrasts them with the ideal English cottage home which she supposes to be naturally associated with large farms. And she ascribes to the same cause the higher average return per acre obtained in England or Scotland as compared with France. Of course, the fact is that, comparing the average English and French peasant and farmer, large or small, one with another, we should find in England a higher standard of cleanliness, comfort, and corn-growing. But, taking the national average of the rewards of labour, it can scarcely be maintained that the French peasant owner is badly off as compared with the men of his own standing and education in other callings; and at the same rate of comparison it cannot be said that the English agricultural labourer is well off. The English tenant farmer is often taken from a class with a higher standard of living than the small French proprietor; but in a land of small proprietors we find many families, worse off than prosperous farmers and yet better off than mere labourers, who would have been labourers in a land of large proprietors. There may be little to choose between the life of the poorest farmer and the most thriving labourer; but granting there were no objective difference at all, the ordinary countryman all the world over would prefer the name of farmer, and would stand higher in his own esteem and his neighbours for enjoying it. *Paysan* in France is a sort of title—a rank its owner may be proud of—in spite of the number of persons entitled to claim it, as in England the few men who "farm their own land" see a boast in that mere description. It is a curious

example how entirely Lady Verney is at the mercy of her fixed idea about small proprietors that she quotes Arthur Young as an author still bearing on the condition of the French peasantry, as if the one class which had its position really revolutionised a century ago were still suffering from the evils he describes when rural France was more like contemporary Russia than its modern self; and, as if it were true now as then, that the danger of revolution were greatest in the country districts. In several other respects the articles are scarcely up to date. French peasants do buy *rentes*, and, therefore, do not buy land for want of other investments; and Lord Portescue, who is quoted against large allotments, only the other day described how some men who had excellently cultivated small plots applied for more land (and got it) on the ground that it was something to live on when they were out of work. The little volume, in spite of its shortcomings, may be read with interest by those who are quite ignorant on the subject of peasant ownership, and can trust themselves to remember that Lady Verney is only partially informed.

The Land System of Ireland. By William O'Connor Morris. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) This is a reprint of two articles from the *Law Quarterly Review*, which are now offered to the general public. As for the qualifications of the author, it will be enough to quote his own words:

"Fresh from the recollections of the famine of 1846, I considered the subject in the 'Oxford Essays'; and in 1869-70 I devoted some months, at the instance of the proprietors of the *Times*, to an examination of Irish land tenure. I may add that I am an Irish landlord, but that as a scion of an ancient Irish house, nearly overwhelmed by confiscation and conquest, I certainly have no historical sympathy with the existing settlement of the land of Ireland; and as a county court judge in the most disturbed and revolutionary part of the south of Ireland, I have had special opportunities, during many years, of observing all that is most peccant and dangerous in the Irish land system."

The first article of the two is devoted entirely to a rapid sketch of the history of the question, in which the author finds ample explanation of the existing state of affairs, without having recourse to any extraordinary wickedness on the part of either landlord or tenant. The present is the product of the past; and the past should be studied, not to apportion praise or blame, but to understand the present. The second article boldly attacks the pressing problem—What should now be done? After forcibly protesting against any scheme of compulsory purchase, as unjust alike to the imperial taxpayer and to the Irish landlord, Judge O'Connor Morris contents himself with recommending a slight modification of the settlement of 1881. He accepts dual ownership as final; but he would extend the present term of fifteen years' rent to perpetuity, and he would simplify and cheapen the process for fixing fair rents. Above all, he would abolish altogether the right of eviction, leaving to the landlord as his sole remedy the power of selling up the tenant's interest. In compensation for the privileges thus taken from the landlord, the author would allow him a moderate compassionate allowance from the imperial exchequer, and also some relief in the reduction of mortgages.

The Economic Crisis. By Moreton Frewen. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This is a difficult book to review, and one on which equally competent critics might give very different verdicts. It is said that at examinations, where the subject is one about which every one may be expected to know something, it is the practice of some examiners to allow no marks for that minimum of proficiency which

is attainable by the light of nature and without any special study. But other examiners may assign considerable weight to undisciplined ability. There are in fact two scales, related somewhat as Centigrade and Fahrenheit, in that the zero point of one scale is pretty high up on the other. It is only on the Fahrenheit principle that we could assign a high figure to the work before us. According to Mr. Frewen, the economic crisis is mainly due to the demonetisation of silver; the remonetisation of that metal is the simple remedy. The character of his reasoning may be exemplified by the following passage, which relates to the effect of the depreciation in silver upon the export of wheat from India: "Let us avoid misleading jargon about international trade being international barter." Now, the theory which our author thus summarily dismisses is one which has long been received by the highest authorities. Prof. Alfred Marshall, when lately asked, in the course of his examination before the Commission on the Precious Metals, whether he accepted this Ricardian theory as bearing upon the exports from India, replied, "I accept it without qualification." We are no bigoted adherents of *a priori* reasoning. We are quite prepared to find that the general idea and first approximation afforded by theory requires filling in and correction. But we protest against our author's habitual assumption that the reasoning of "the professors" is, of course, absurd. His "method of mind," to use one of his own phrases, does not seem to us appropriate to the subject. The nature of economic phenomena is more subtle than he seems to suppose. He rushes in where specialists fear to tread. Thus, he affirms "that the rapid diminution of the stock of gold in currency in England would of itself account for the present fall of prices; that whereas ten years since we had 140 millions of sovereigns, to-day we have scarcely more than 100 millions." A similar confidence of assertion and blindness to objections characterises the chapter on socialism—a subject which is connected with currency by the suggestion that the existing monetary regulations are framed in the interest of the "Gold Bugs," in order to build up great fortunes at the expense of the community. "The state having proved itself such an efficient middleman in distributing letters and telegrams," Mr. Frewen concludes straight off that railways ought to be purchased by the state. It does not occur to him that there may be some material imperfections in the analogy between the post office and the railway system, that some difficulties have been pointed out by writers not unworthy of attention, such as Jevons and Prof. Sidgwick. Mr. Frewen may be right in all his contentions, but we shall not believe because he has told us. We do not think that the economic crisis can be dealt with so trenchantly. "Non tali auxilio . . . tempus eget." At the same time we fully admit that the book contains many striking facts and useful suggestions. The criticism of Mr. David Wells's recent papers seems especially worthy of attention.

Political Economy: an Elementary Text-book of the Economics of Commerce. By E. C. K. Gonner. (Sutton.) A good text-book of political economy, fuller than Jevons's *Scientific Primer*, and less difficult than Prof. Marshall's *Economics of Industry*, has been for some time a desideratum. Prof. Gonner appears to us to attain this ideal, as it were hitting between wind and water. Deriving from the freshest sources—Jevons and Profs. Marshall and Walker—he supersedes the text-books founded exclusively on Mill. We are not of those who affect to regard Mill as obsolete. Indeed, our opinion of Prof. Gonner's judgment is heightened by his respectful reference to his great predecessor. However, it is to be admitted that on

the theory of value Mill left something for Jevons to do. Again, as Prof. Sidgwick, the most impartial of judges, has pointed out, Mill imperfectly conceived the relation between cost of production and the law of supply-and-demand as regulators of value. In dealing with these subjects Prof. Gonner evinces a firm grasp of first principles combined with a happy power of exposition. He restates, free from technicalities, Jevons's theory of final utility. Imagining an island with only two inhabitants, who deal with each other in coco-nuts and venison, he enables us to analyse the play of economic forces *in vacuo* as it were. It is a good exercise thus to abstract the atmosphere of market in which we live and have our being. Such ideal illustrations are particularly safe and useful in the hands of one who, like Prof. Gonner, is intimately conversant with the concrete facts of modern commerce.

The Modern Distributive Process. By John B. Clark and Franklin H. Giddings. (Boston: Ginn; London: Trübner.) This little volume contains four essays, by two authors, on competition with special reference to wages and profits. The method may be described as neo-Ricardian—novel in so far as it takes account of tendencies, like combination, which were not familiar to the older economists; taking after Ricardo in its character of middle axiom, and in that it rarely condescends to particulars. Mr. Clark leads off with a study on "The Limits of Competition." He well distinguishes the equation of net advantages (to use Prof. Marshall's term) in different occupations from the more active competition which prevails between producers of the same article. He analyses and exemplifies the conditions favourable to the formation of unions. It is fortunate that agriculturists cannot readily combine; otherwise they might "force the members of other industrial departments to pay double or quadruple prices for the means of living." Mr. Giddings follows, demonstrating "The Persistence of Competition," in spite of combinations. The special virtue of combination is to prevent not the healthy normal competition which Ricardo contemplated, but "predatory" competition "below the solvency line," which is carried on temporarily at a loss with the object of ousting the less wealthy competitors. At present it is usual to restrain the members of combination from such practices by inflicting a forfeit. Mr. Giddings makes the striking suggestion that the forfeit might be made recoverable by the party paying it, if he demonstrated his ability to maintain his terms permanently. There would thus be an efficient check against predatory under-selling, while the healthy influence of genuine competition would not cease to act. In the next essay we have an analysis of "Profits under Modern Conditions," by Mr. Clark. He distinguishes from the wages of management and from interest the "pure profit" which "accrues to him who simply extends the aegis of his civil rights over the elements of a product and then withdraws it in order that the product may pass into other hands." The reasoning is subtle and original; yet we doubt whether its advantage over the "traditional analysis" is so great as the preface announces. What we have found most helpful is the author's contrast between rent and profits. It is a useful set-off against the identification of those principles which a great writer has recently made fashionable. The last essay on "The Natural Rate of Wages" is important, but difficult. We have not fully seized the author's conception of the natural or ethical rate of wages. "The rule of ideal distribution is to each according to the full natural value of his work." Are we mistaken in identifying this principle with Mr. Herbert Spencer's teaching on the same subject? If not, we would ask, Is it possible to determine how

much each of several co-operating parties—such as operatives and manager virtually form—has contributed to the joint result. It is like determining which blade of a pair of scissors is most useful. We recommend the writer to supplement his philosophic reading by a study of Prof. Sidgwick's analysis of "desert." A little less Spencerian metaphysics, a little more mathematical reasoning, appear to us all that is required to make these essays an important contribution to what Jevons called the Mechanics of Industry.

Taxation, its Principles and Methods. Translated from the "Scienza delle Finanze" of Dr. Luigi Cossa, with an Introduction and Notes by Horace White. (New York and London: Putnam.) Dr. Luigi Cossa is already well known as the author of a *Guide to the Study of Political Economy* which Jevons introduced to the English public in a highly commendatory preface. The qualities which Jevons notices, the "polyglot learning," "the extraordinary extent and accuracy of Dr. Cossa's knowledge of the economic literature of almost all nations," are not wanting in the work before us. They are conspicuous in the section on the historical data of the science, and in the appended bibliography whose logically framed compartments are stored with copious materials gathered from every literature. However, history forms but a small part of the present work. It is in the main an independent and original treatise. The subject is one of those about which, as Disraeli says, the author is much more likely to be well informed than the critic. Only a specialist, and a specially good one, could without presumption enter into a detailed criticism of Dr. Cossa's *Science of Finances*. It is safe to say that the English language does not contain a work on the same subject of equally serviceable dimensions that is at once so learned and well reasoned. The value of the translation is enhanced, especially for American readers, by the notes and appendixes relating for the most part to the finances of the United States.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Mr. Swinburne has sent to press a new volume of poems.

MR. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS expects to complete Part V. of his great work on "Early English Pronunciation" for the Philological, Early English Text, and Chaucer Societies by next Easter. It will deal with our modern dialects. His chief helper, Mr. Thomas Hallam, has made many journeys and local studies specially for this work.

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE has written a new novel, *The Countess Eve*, which will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. ANDREW LANG has two new volumes in the press: *Grass of Parnassus*, a selection of verses from various sources; and *Letters on Literature*, consisting of a reprint of papers that have appeared in the *New York Independent*.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly, in a small volume, the studies of *Bible Characters* which Charles Reade wrote for a magazine a little while before his death.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in preparation a new edition of the *Ballads of Hans Breitmann*, revised by the author, containing also a number of new Anglo-German poems, which it is believed will be found fully equal to any of the old favourites. The greatest pains will be taken to render this edition as perfect as possible.

MR. GERALD MASSEY has rewritten his work on *Shakspeare and the Sonnets*, with much new

matter; and it will be published immediately by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., under the title of "The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets: a New Work on Old Lines."

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in October the *Life of the Earl of Godolphin*, Lord High Treasurer under Queen Anne, by the Hon. Hugh Elliot, who has made use of unpublished MSS. in the British Museum and the Record Office as well as at Hatfield.

LAST Christmas was published a handsome volume, *The Pioneers of the Alps*, containing portraits in photogravure of Swiss guides. We are now promised a companion work giving permanent photographs of Swiss scenery, to be called *The Alpine Portfolio*. The enterprise is undertaken by Mr. Oscar Eckenstein and Mr. August Lorria, who have secured the assistance of several of the best-known climbers, including (notably) Mr. H. F. Donkin. It is proposed to begin with the Pennine Alps, from the Simplon to the Great St. Bernard. This will form a portfolio of at least one hundred views, with descriptive letterpress. The views will all be photographs, some expressly taken for the work and others hitherto unpublished, printed by the heliotype process on thick plate card, about 12½ by 16 inches. Only a limited number of copies will be issued; and there will also be a special edition on Japanese paper. Subscribers should address themselves to Mr. O. Eckenstein, 62 Basinghall Street, E.C.

EARLY in October will be published *Juvenile Literature as it is*, by Mr. Edward Salmon, whose name will be known in connexion with articles in the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century* on boys' and girls' books. The interest taken in those articles has induced him to go more thoroughly into the subject, and to endeavour to give a general account of the books and magazines produced for the young. The work of individual writers has been carefully considered. The first chapter is made up of statistics and remarks by young people on the books they like best, the material for which was placed at Mr. Salmon's disposal by Mr. Charles Welsh.

A NEW series of cheap and attractive reprints is announced by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Though other forms of literature than fiction will be included, the general character of the series will consist of novels by well-known writers, and original talks and sketches, so that it has been decided to give to it the name of "Unwin's Novel Series." The first volume to be issued will be Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's *Gladys Fane*, now in its fifth edition; and this will be followed by Mrs. Clifford's *Mrs. Keith's Crime*.

WITH the October number, beginning a new volume, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be increased in size to seventy pages; and the frontispiece will hereafter be printed separately on thick paper, so as to do fuller justice to the engraver's art. Two new serial novels will be commenced—"Sant' Ilario," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; and "The House of the Wolf," by Mr. J. Stanley Weyman—while each number will also have a short story. Among the other promises of the prospectus are a series of drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson suggested by the "Complete Angler"; illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur," by Mr. Henry Rylands; "A Suburban Garden," by Mr. J. E. Hodgson; "John Hopper," by Mr. Walter Armstrong; "With the Cannibals of New Guinea," by Mr. Hume Nisbet; and a continuation of the series on "Old English Homes," by Miss Elizabeth Balch.

ONE of the earliest novels of the autumn season will be one from the pen of Mrs. Spender, entitled *Kept Secret*. It will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The same

publishers announce a new novel by the Earl of Desart, entitled *Herne Lodge*, which deals with mysterious experiences in a haunted house.

THE authors of "Three in Norway" went further afield last year—to British Columbia, which they will describe in a book to be published by Messrs. Longmans, with numerous illustrations from their own photographs and sketches.

THE Cambridge University Press will shortly publish an *Elementary Commercial Geography*, by Dr. H. R. Mill, lecturer in the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, written on a new plan. The first part deals with the materials of commerce, the geographical distribution of commodities, and the means of transport; the second takes up the geography, products, and trade of the countries of the world, and more particularly of the United Kingdom and British possessions, the United States, France, and Germany. The characteristic resources, chief towns, and main traffic routes of each region are described in relation to its physical geography.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be a selection from *Chaucer*, edited by Mr. Frederick Noel Paton.

THE question of a free and open church, which is just now attracting so much attention through the *Canterbury Encyclical*, is dealt with in a story, entitled *The Keys of Saint Martin's*, which will be published next week by Messrs. Houlston & Sons.

A NEW volume of verse, entitled *The Silver Cord*, by Frances Dawe, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS's volume on *Holland*, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series, will be published on September 5, and not on October 31, as was previously announced.

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN will contribute a serial story of Yorkshire life to the new volume of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, commencing with the number published on September 26.

THE Queen has been pleased to accept the dedication of *Berkshire Grammar, Folklore, and Glossary*, by Major B. Lowsley, published for the English Dialect Society.

THE fund raised for the benefit of the widow and two children of the late Richard Jefferies amounts in all to £1,514 10s. 5d., which has been invested in the names of three trustees—Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Alfred Buckley (New Hall, Salisbury), and Mr. C. J. Longman.

MR. SIDNEY L. LEE will read a paper on "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama" before the Elizabethan Literary Society, on Wednesday next, September 5.

DR. MAX KALUZA has, at the request of Dr. Furnivall, undertaken to edit for the Chaucer Society a parallel text of the English *Romaunt of the Rose*, formerly attributed by mistake to Chaucer, and its original, the French *Roman de la Rose*. The middle part of the French text, which the fifteenth-century Englisher did not touch, will be given in a supplement. The Chaucer Society issue for 1887 is still in arrears, but three Parts are nearly ready for it.

DR. K. D. BUELBRING is editing for the Early English Text Society William of Shoreham's metrical version of the Psalms, from the MSS. in the British Museum and Trinity College, Dublin.

M. O. CAMBIER, Justice de la Paix, Pâturages, Belgium, has published a new translation of the first part of Mr. G. J. Holyoake's *History of the Rochdale Pioneers*. Of the five French translations which have now appeared this is the most complete.

HERR HÄNTSCHKE has just issued (Leipzig and Berlin: Klinkhardt) the first translation into German of the same book. This translation is of the complete work, with appendix, statistics, and preface by F. Schenck; and it also contains illustrations of the original store in Toad Lane and of the central stores at Rochdale.

PROF. PAUL MEYER has written an article in a late number of the *Revue Critique*, criticising rather severely the French papers in the Modern Language Tripos examination at Cambridge.

QUITE distinct from the International Copyright Bill, which is hung up indefinitely in the House of Representatives, there is another proposal affecting literature now under consideration in the American Congress. This is a clause in what is known as the Mills Tariff Bill, which, as it passed the House of Representatives, places upon the free list

"Bibles, books, and pamphlets printed in other languages than English, and books and pamphlets, and all publications of foreign governments, and publications of foreign societies, historical or scientific, printed for gratuitous distribution."

As this clause will certainly suffer modification in the Senate, even if any part of it be accepted by that body, it would be premature to discuss its somewhat curious wording and punctuation.

DR. FURNIVALL has lately seen in the aisle of Ashford Church, near Bakewell, in Derbyshire, five of the "virgin crantes," or "maidens' garlands," which the priests allowed Ophelia's corpse—with other rites—by "great command," instead of the suicide's "shards, flints, and pebbles." The custom of carrying a garland or crant before a girl's coffin was abandoned at Ashford only in 1820; and Dr. Furnivall has appealed to the rector, Mr. Luxmore, to try and revive the custom, for Shakspeare's sake. Oddly enough, the Derbyshire garland has not hitherto been identified with Ophelia's crant by any writer on the subject known to Mr. Luxmore.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SICILY.

(Imitated from Heredia.)

On Etna, still, the ripened grapes display—
As to Theocritus—their red and gold,
But they whose graces in his song were told
Are sought in vain by singers of to-day.
Destined, by turns, to conquer and obey,
Poor Arethusa, vulgarised and cold,
Blends with the Greek blood in her veins that
rolled
The Saracen rapine and the Norman sway.
All dies, or changes; stone its shape will lose;
Ruined is Agrigentum; Syracuse
Under her sky's blue pall supinely sleeps;
Yet Love, before his delicate sculpture fades,
On silver shining medals freshly keeps
The deathless beauty of Sicilian maids. }
H. G. KEENE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Expositor* for September, Prof. Milligan continues his thoughtful study of the Biblical ideas of priesthood; Mr. W. H. Simcox contributes well-sifted material to the investigation of the Pauline Antilegomena; Dr. Monro Gibson points out the important differences between "Wisdom Personified and Love Incarnate," incidentally showing the necessity of studying the Hagiographa; Mr. Rendall continues his notes on Acts; Dr. Cheyne gives "Two Thoughts from Abroad"; "E." continues his warning against Friedrich Delitzsch's *Assyrisches Wörterbuch*; and Dr. Lansing, of Cairo, furnishes

Egyptian data for discussing portions of the Pentateuch. This last article requires to be read with considerable caution by those not versed in critical questions. The author thinks that Job was probably written by Moses, that Isaiah had certainly visited Egypt, and that "Daniel took many words from the Assyrians among whom he lived." He also maintains, appealing (but surely by mistake) to Gesenius, that "shibboleth" does not mean "ear," but "stalk." The article, in its unrevised state (see footnote) must, indeed, have been wonderful. How different is Ebers's well-known but, alas, unfinished work, *Aegypten und die Bücher Moses!*

NOTES ON BULLEN'S OLD PLAYS, 1882-1885.

I HAVE ventured to put these few remarks together entirely on account of my love for and interest in the subject, and my desire to render any slight help I can to the better appreciation of these valuable volumes Mr. Bullen has bequeathed to us. Nothing is farther from my thoughts than any intention of fault-finding or criticism of the editor's work. The pleasure I have derived in their perusal and in the search for explanation of obscurities in these plays leaves me no feelings except those of gratitude for the exquisitely brought-out and excellently edited series under consideration.

HENRY CHICHESTER HART.

VOL. I.

"TRAGEDY OF NERO."

P. 38:

"We seeke not now (as in the happy dayes
Oth' Commonwealth they did) for libertie;
O yon deere ashes, *Cassius* and *Brutus*,
That was with you entomb'd, their let it rest."

Obviously "their" in the last line should be *there*. The meaning is "Let liberty rest there—in the tomb of Cassius and Brutus." In the quarto of 1633, it is printed correctly *there*.

P. 41:

"Not so:

Rufus, the captaine of the Guard, 's with us,
And divers others oth' *Prætorian* band
Already made" (named?)

The suggested "named" is quite unnecessary. "Made," with the meaning "prepared for the business," or, as we would say, "posted," is common in the dramatists. Ben Jonson has "Come, let's before and *make* the justice, captain" ("Every Man in his Humour," iv. 9), and in "Sejanus," ii. 1, "were *Lygdus made*, that's done." In the "Fox" also, the same author has the expression several times.

P. 46: Another favourite Jonsonism occurs in the line—

"And now on wished shore hath *firmed* his foot."

A Latinism which occurs three times in Ben Jonson's works in the sense of "settled," "established," "confirmed." It is used more recently by Dryden.

P. 55:

"O should the Parthian heare these miseries
He would (his low and native hate apart)
Sit downe with us and lend an enemies teare
To grace the funerall fires of ending Rome."

Mr. Bullen considers "*low* hate" nonsense, and after mentioning "*long* native hate," and "*bow* and arrow laid apart," gives it up. I imagine the letter "b" has dropped out and we should read "blow," the Parthian blow or stroke being a common classical allusion: "he would, setting apart his natural hate and mode of assault," &c.

"THE MAID'S METAMORPHOSIS."

P. 114:

"And when the sun steales downward to the
west
We leave our chat and *whistle* in the fist,
Which is a signal to our stragling flocks."

I have not met this expression elsewhere except in Drayton's "Shepherd's Garland," Ecl. 8—

"He leer'd (lured?) his sheepe as he him list
When he would *whistle* in his fist
To feede about him round."

It would appear that the shepherds of this time (1593-1600) had not the assistance of dogs in all cases. In Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe" (1614), however, "shepherd's dogs, good dogs," are spoken of.

P. 117: Instances of the word "legeritie" (alacrity) will be found in "Every Man out of his Humour," ii. 1; and in "Dr. Doodipol," edited by Mr. Bullen, as well as in the passage cited by him from Shakspeare's "Henry V."

P. 147:

"Maister be contented; this is leape yeare—
Women weare breeches, *petticoats* are deare."

The reason petticoats are dear in leap year is, I presume, that knaves wear smocks then. "This is leap year and then, as you know well, knaves wear smocks" (*Treatise against Judicial Astrology* (1601), quoted by Dyce in notes to Middleton's "Michaelmas Term" ii. 1.). Dyce, in the passage from Middleton, explains "I think he wears a smock," to be equivalent to "I think he is a knave," in reference to the proverbial expression. Mr. Bullen, in his notes to Middleton, disagrees.

P. 151: "Sib"—akin, is in common use in the north-eastern counties of Ulster as well as in Scotland and northern England. A few lines lower down another northern expression occurs—"Cold comfort shall you finde." This phrase is not uncommonly used, but its full force is much stronger than appears. "Cold" is absolutely *bad* in northern phraseology. "Cold comfort" does not mean merely comfort of an unsatisfactory sort, but direct and antagonistic discomfort. I asked a bailiff in Donegal how much rent he got at a certain rent-day? "Not a could shilling I got, and won't," was his somewhat puzzling reply. "Not as much as a bad shilling." In Heywood's "If you know not," &c. (Pearson, ii. 293) we meet with "cold news," meaning the worst of news, and in Day's "Blind Beggar" (1600) occur "a couple of cold words," and "three or four cold words in hugger-mugger," where the meaning is "disagreeable news." Shakspeare uses "cold" in the sense of disagreeable several times.

"THE MARTYRED SOULDIER."

P. 185:

"The patten that he holds his office by."

"Patten," as a corrupted form of "patent," occurs occasionally. In "The Trial of Chevalry," 1605 (Bullen, iii. 329)—"I think he has a *patten* to take up all the shields i' th' country"; and in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour"—"I might have been joined *patten* with one of the seven wise masters."

P. 205:

"The Boare . . . but that he [Cosmo] fell behinde
an Oake
Of admirable greatnesse (had) torne out his
bowels;
His very tuskes, striking into the tree,
Made the old *champion* shake."

Does not "champion" here naturally mean the oak "of admirable greatness"? In a footnote I find it explained "champain," i.e., the country.

P. 207:

"I can tell you in some countries they are held
no small foolcs that goe in *Chaines*."

I suppose an allusion to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, where jewels or gold ornaments were held in direct contempt.

P. 219:

"*Avices* and also Rabby Roses."

The latter is, as Mr. Bullen explains, a corruption of Averroes mentioned in Chaucer, but probably *avices* is merely a misprint for "Avicen."

P. 232:

"Recantation is—a toy,
To lose the *portage* in these sacred pleasures
That knows no end."

In a footnote a passage from "Pericles" is quoted:

"Even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy *portage* quit
With all thou canst find here."

Mr. Bullen adopts Steevens's explanation of "portage"—thy safe arrival at the port of life—for the passage in "Pericles," and leaves us in doubt how to explain the present lines. In Bailey's Dictionary I find "*Portage*, money paid for carriage of goods, &c.," and in Howell's Cotgrave, "*Portage*: Portage, carriage, or a carrying; also the custom, toll, freight, fare, or fee paid for carriage." In this latter meaning, which is also Bailey's only one, the sense is, perhaps, to be found of both passages. In "Pericles," "Thou has paid more portage in thy loss (of thy mother on the journey) than all thou canst find here will requite thee for"; and a similar interpretation might apply to the present instance. But on p. 234 Victoria warns Belisarius against losing "thy *portion* laid up for thee yonder"; and if we are at liberty to suppose the passage corrupt, this is strong corroboration of Mr. Bullen's suggestion in favour of that reading.

P. 236:

Stavesucre (larkspur) is probably a misprint for "Stavesacre." I have never met with the word except terminated by "aker" or "acre."

P. 243:

"First a Varlet, then a Bumbailly," to which a note "Varlet—the Sergeant-at-mace to the city counters was so called"—Halliwell [who, however, gives no instance of this use]. Halliwell probably relied upon the dictum of the learned Gifford. See Gifford's note to the "Fox," act v., sc. iv., where he says that "This term, in Jonson's time, was commonly applied to sergeants-at-mace."

P. 245:

"He shall be well shod for *stroveling*, I warrant you."

Strommell is an old northern form for "stumble," and is probably the word which was meant here.

In my judgment this play is spoken of too slightly by Mr. Bullen—as much so as "Nero" appears to me too highly praised. Let the reader turn to p. 181 and read Henricke's description of a battle. There is the "true ring" about it:

"It was this man's sword
Hew'd ways to danger; and when danger met him
He charmed it thence, and when it grew agen
He drove it back agen, till at the length
It lost the field."

The scene, too, where Victoria meets the King (pp. 229, 230, 1, 2, 3, 4) contains some admirable and well-sustained writing.

"THE NOBLE SPANISH SOULDIER."

P. 269:

The superstition that poison placed in a crystal glass will fracture it is, I believe, handed

down to us by Pliny. Crystal had also the power of staunching blood.

P. 272:

"The song of *Broom-men* and the murdering vulgar."

In the days when London streets were rendered picturesquely hideous by street cries, that of the Broom-men, who supplied heather for the only kind of brushes then in use for household work, was one of the most conspicuous. The first character in the old farce, "The London Chanticleers," was "Heath, the Broom-man," and it opens with his sing-song cry of a dozen verses or so. In "Law Trickes," by Day, they are mentioned thus: "Now fyte like Broom-men in the street."

P. 276:

"Drawing upon my Lordship's Courtly calfe
Payres of Imbroydered things whose golden
clockes
Strike deeper," &c.

I call attention to this early allusion to these decorations on stockings because of a note in *Notes and Queries* (March 10, 1888, p. 188), where an individual is quoted as having introduced the "Clocke and Stockes" who was alive in 1770. The present play appeared in print in 1634. Webster quotes Swift as a first authority. But I find an earlier instance in my notes:

"And on each silver stock

Work such a clock

With twisted coloured thread, as not a swaine
Of all the downes can show the like againe."

(Browne, "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614).

And a still earlier instance occurs in Webster's "Northward Ho!" 1607.

P. 276:

"Thou God of good Apparell, what strange
fellows
Are bound to do thee honour . . .
These pide-winged Butterflies; . . .
Another flye boat?"

In this passage, where Baltazar sneers at and is slighted by Dons in gay apparel, a new comer "of the same kidney" (Don Roderigo) is compared to a "flye-boat." The editor comments upon this: "In the text I suspect we should read 'fly-about' for 'flye-boat.'" Fly boats (Spanish *flibotes*) were fast-sailing vessels; and the term is used twice, at least, in Heywood's plays as a nickname in company with such terms as "pink" and "pinnacle." But in Marston's "Antonio and Mellida," act v., occurs an exact parallel—

"Here's such a company of flibotes, hulling about
The galleasse of greatnesse."

The term was readily suggested to the writer's mind by his previous metaphor of "pide-winged butterflies."

P. 277:

"I am no eare-picker

To sound his hearing that way.

Bal. Are you of Court, Sir?

Cock. Yes, the King's Barber."

This portion of the barber's avocation, like that of chirurgery, is either defunct or devolved into the hands of other professors. In Day's "Parliament of Bees" (1641), this scene is a good deal reproduced; and perhaps Day was the borrower, as in the same performance he undoubtedly lays himself under obligations to Dekker. Dates of publication are no criteria as to time of appearance or composition among old plays. One does not often meet with allusions to the professional ear-picker; but here is another:

"Your instruments are sharp as mine, Sir Barber,
And you can pick more out of your Lord's ears
Than I take from his garments with my
sheers." (Brome's "Love-Sick Court," iv. 1.)

Times are greatly changed since the corn-

cutter's was a familiar London street cry, and "Kindheart," the mountebank, cured the toothache. But the abolition of the barber's function with instruments in reference to the ears is a Heaven-sent improvement.

P. 277:

"You yellow-hammer! why, shaver."

This contemptuous term will be met with again in the same series—in the "Tryal of Chevalrie," vol. iii., p. 289. It is applied still to any wretched-looking whip-stock of humanity in the north of Ireland. A correspondent in Ulster* phraseology has often heard it in Innishowen, co. Donegal, and instances a remark—"You puir-looking yellow yoldrick" (northern form of the bird's name). The yellow-hammer with its plaintive ditty on a lonely hill-side is certainly not a cheerful-looking object, however sentimentally attractive.

P. 286:

"Shall I bee that *Germane fencer* and beat all the knocking boys before me? Shall I kill him?"

This has all the appearance of a cotemporary allusion, and brings back the date of the play nearly thirty years from that of its publication (1634). In Dekker's "Knights Conjuring" (1607)—"At sword and buckler little Davy was nobody to him, and as for rapier and dagger, the *Germane* may be his journeyman." And in the "Seven Deadly Sins" (1606), by the same author—"The challenge of the *Germane* against all the masters of noble science would not bring in a quarter of the money." Another allusion, quoted by Bullen from "The Owl's Almanack," by the same author, puts the date of that composition to about 1606, which was probably the time when this celebrated German challenged our much-vaunted masters. *The Owl's Almanack* was printed in 1618. The passage under consideration may, however, have been interpolated as a player's gag in "The Noble Soldier," but other evidence could be produced as to its early date.

P. 290:

"The mother of the maids and some worne ladies," &c.

This soubriquet for one of the dames of court (mistress of the robes?) occurs elsewhere—"She might ha' been mother of the maids, as well, to my seeming; or a matron to have trained up the best Ladies' Daughters in the Countrie" (Brome, "Northern Lasse," i. 4); and in "Elvira" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xv. 46)—"An aunt of mine being mother of the maids." Evidently this was the functionary whose special privilege was that of chaperoning and disciplining the maids of honour of the day. Ben Jonson's "Miscellany Madam" in "Cynthia's Revels" was a female power at court of a similar but somewhat lower grade.

P. 302:

"A chimney-sweeper with the Irish."

Irish beggars; Irish lice; Irish costermongers; rank Irish butter; valuable Irish horses; Irish witches; Irish dissemblers; Irish wolves, toads, and merchants; the Irish ring and hay (dances); Irish saffron and salutations; Irish earth and timber; Irish footboys, lackeys, and ratcatchers; Irish hand, Fury, and Revenge; Irish Spaniards, Judas, jacket, flux, and harp—all of these I find more or less unflatteringly referred to by the Elizabethan dramatists or their cotemporaries; but I have not elsewhere found the trade of chimney-sweeping identified with the Emerald Isle at so early a period. There is a living votary of the art who designates himself "professor of chimney-sweeping to the Trinity College." This pardonable vanity becomes

* Miss Honoria Galway, who has rendered me valuable assistance in collecting the folklore and provincialisms of Ulster.

honourable pride if we can believe it to be hereditary.

P. 307:

"Lest some *choake-peare* of State-policy
Shoo'd stop my throat and spoil my drinking-
pipe."

The allusion here is not so much to the "wild sour peare" of that name as to the gag which was christened from it. Grose says: "Choke-pear. Figurately an unanswerable objection: also a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers; it was of iron, shaped like a pear," &c. See also Fairholt's note to Lyly's "Midas," iv. 3. In "Dicke of Devonshire," vol. ii. of this series, p. 68—"Hee will give you a choke-pear will spoyle your spitting"—alludes to hanging, an undoubted way of spoiling the drinking-pipe.

P. 307:

"I ever knew thee honest, and the marke
Stands still upon thy forehead."

This test of loyalty or chasteness, openness or honesty, is continually alluded to by earlier writers, and so abundantly prevalent was the belief in the proverbial saying that it amounted to an aphorism. It is very strange that even as an allusion it appears to be entirely obsolete. Some passages in Shakspeare are not sufficiently forcible to the reader who is unacquainted with the phrase. It occurs in "Gamer Gurton's Needle" (printed in 1575). "I am as true, I would thou knew, as skin between thy brows" (v. 2). A good clear space between the eyebrows was held to be a requisite for female beauty. It is one of the thirty points of a dame's beauty in Sir J. Harrington's Epigram 15, ed. 1633; and in "Sir Gyles Goosecap" (1606)—"A passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happy distance between the eyebrows" (Bullen, iii., p. 32).

In the fifth act of "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus" (Clarendon Press), the converse occurs—"Thou hast a prettie furrowed forehead, and a fine lecherous eye," &c. In Shakspeare's "Much Ado"—"As honest as the skin between his brows"; and that the brow was held to be the touchstone of honesty is illustrated in "Hamlet"—"The chaste unsmirched brows of my true mother." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon" (1599, Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vii. 307) "truth" is evidenced by the same character. And in the "Comedy of Errors" the converse again occurs—"And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow."

Chapman, in his continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," introduces the thought in exquisite poetry:

"As far from any spot
Of light demeanour as the very skin
Twixt Cynthia's brows." (Sect. iv. 325.)

Ben Jonson uses the phrase proverbially in "Cynthia's Revels," "Every Man out of his Humour," and in "Bartholomew Fair." He varies it to "magnanimous," "clear," "plain" or "open," and uses sometimes "yes," sometimes "brows." It occurs also in "The Ordinary," by Cartwright, and many other writers of the time make use of it. I do not find it enumerated in any of the various collections of proverbs.

P. 312:

"Tell her the hole in her coat shall be mended."

This proverbial expression is well known in Burn's "Captain Grose's Peregrinations":

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye tent it."

Patch up your reputations as soon as may be. "Bounce Buckram" in the next line is also a proverbial phrase. "Bounce Buckram, Christmas's near, and when it comes it brings good cheer." A longer variant is given in Ray. The

rest of the gibberish in this dialogue between Corneo and Baltazar is an instance of a kind of humour frequent enough in old plays. It seems to us to be devoid of anything except dullness, and from the nature of it there is little room for topical allusions. A mere string of cross-fires, consisting of tags of ballads, sections of proverbs, and very wretched plays upon words with a reference to a popular romance or two, is the usual characteristic of what we should term padding, but no doubt was often mere player's impromptu inserted in the stage copy and printed without authority. To any true antiquary, however, these scraps of bygone chaff are fascinating sources of conjecture. "Dyall of good days," in this passage, points to a meaning of "dial," quasi diary, or almanack, in the sense in which "Ephemerides" was used, that I have not elsewhere found.

P. 313:

"Bal. Woo't not trust an almanacke?"

"Cor. Nor a Coranta neither, though it were sealed with Butter."

"Sealed with Butter" is an ancient proverb. "As sure as if it was sealed with butter" is to be found in Heywood. It occurs in page 148 of Mr. Julian Sharman's admirable reprint of the edition of 1546. But it is seldom met with, and the only other instance I know of occurs in "Look about you" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vii. 405), a play printed in 1600. It occurs there in the form—"As sure as an obligation sealed with batter." "Batter" is no doubt erroneous for *butter*.

P. 313:

"Bal. Away Otterhound."

"Cor. Dancing Beare, Ime gone."

Ben Jonson mentions the otterhound in his "Discoveries"; and in "The Silent Woman," Captain Otter, "Tom Otter," appears to keep otterhounds at Ratcliffe on the Thames. He is also concerned with dancing bears at Paris Garden. Possibly we have here an allusion to "one of the best comedies we have extant," as Gerald Langbaine said of "The Silent Woman" in 1691. On the previous page, among the gibberish already spoken of, the words about "the Fox with a fur night cap" lying "sick of the mulligrubs," and the three sheepskins, reminded me of Volpone and his three dupes in Ben's "best production." The whole passage, however, bears a strained connexion with the current action of the play itself.

P. 313:

"Beauty was turned into a watching candle that went out stinking."

Compare "Juncus laevis, mariscus, . . . The smoothe rushe: the rushe whereof watching candles are made: the marish rush," *Nomenclator*, 1585. In "Albumazar," ii. 9, it is mentioned "Why should I twine my arms to cables, and sigh my soul to air: sit up all night like a watching candle," &c. In Shakspeare's "Richard III.," v. iii. 63, "watch" signifies a watching candle "marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time burning" (Schmidt).

P. 317:

"Med. Why doe you barke and snap at my Narcissus as if I were de Frenshe dog?"

In the old play of "Narcissus" a fox was let loose in the court and pursued by dogs. This was shown by the chapel children on Twelfth Night in 1571 (*Collier's Annals of the Stage*, i. 196-7), and perhaps it was revived. I have not seen this play or mask, and can only guess that this obscure passage may be an allusion to it. In the line immediately above we have the old form of sarsaparilla, "Salsa-Perilla"—our word is the Spanish equivalent for the French "Salseparille" as given by Cotgrave. Bailey gives both "Salsaparilla, the rough bind-

weed of Peru," and "Sarsaparilla, a plant of Peru and Virginia, a Sudorific of great Efficacy in the Gout and Venereal Distempers." The latter property is that to which Baltazar alludes in his abusive language. (See my note on vol. iv., p. 157, in this series *post*.)

P. 318:

"Toot," in a passage which will not bear quotation, is explained in a note, "to pry into." It is not a common word, but is used by Taylor, the water-poet. In Heywood—"On my maydes he is ever tooting" (Sharman's *Heywood*, p. 122). The meaning is rather, to stare at eagerly.

P. 327:

"Henbane and Poppey, and that magicale weed, Which Hags at midnight watch to catch the seed."

Undoubtedly the fern seed. I should not have thought this required a note, except that the editor has asserted it to be "hemlock," and adduced an irrelevant passage from Ben Jonson in support of this interpretation. Properly speaking fern seed should be gathered at midnight on St. John's Eve, and the folklore on the subject throughout Europe is copious. See Britten's *European Ferns*, Friend's *Flower and Folk-Lore*, &c. It is generally suggested that the fern seed may have derived its supposed power of conferring invisibility from the extreme minuteness of the spore-dust or seed. Another origin, somewhat on the plan of the "Doctrine of Signatures," has occurred to me. Fern ash was largely used at one period in the manufacture of glass, from the strong percentage of silica in its composition. Chaucer wrote:

"But natheless som seiden that it was
Wonder thing to mak of fern aisschen glas."
("Squire's Tale.")

And in Harrison's *England*, ii. 6, more about fern-ash glass will be found. If the fern ash has the wonderful power of making transparent glass, invisibility is not very far away. But no doubt some one will at once be able to prove that the superstition is far older than the manufacture.

P. 329:

"Of this day? Why, as of a new play, if it end's well all's well."

Here is a reference to Shakspeare's play, I should suppose, and apparently a reference to it as a "new play." I have not Mr. Ingleby's *Centuri of Prayse* by me, so possibly I have been anticipated.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- MEYER, H. Zum Schneedom des Kilimandscharo. Berlin: Meidinger. 31 M.
POZNANSKY, H. De Nemesos monumentis. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.
SIEVERS, W. Venezuela. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 10 M.
WINKLER, A. De inferorum in vasis Italiae inferioris representationibus. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.

HISTORY.

- CORDIN, R. Histoire de Pey Berland et du pays bordelais au XV^e Siècle. Bordeaux: imp. Riffaud. 7 fr.
FOLLETTÉ, C. Les origines du Jura Bernois. 1^{re} partie. Bern: Jenni. 6 M.
GESCHICHTE der Stadt Düsseldorf. Düsseldorf: Kraus. 8 m.
KEUSSEN, H. Die Kölner Revolution 1395. Köln: Du Mont-Schauberg. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FISCHER, J. G. Herpetologische Mittheilungen. Hamburg: Gräfe. 4 M.
FERTCH, A. Fauna der Gaskohle u. der Kalksteine der Permformation Böhmens. 2. Bd. 3. Hft. Prag: Rivaac. 31 M.
HERSCHENZ, O. Untersuchungen ab. Harzer Baryte. Halle: Tausch. 1 M. 50 Pf.

- MICHAELSEN, W. Die Oligochaeten v. Süd-Georgien nach der Ausbeute der deutschen Station von 1882-83. Hamburg: Gräfe. 2 M.
PFEFFER, G. Die Krebse v. Süd-Georgien. 2. Th. Die Amphipoden. Hamburg: Gräfe. 4 M.
VOELTZKOW, A. Aspidogaster conchicola. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- CORPORIS Inscriptionum latinarum Supplementa Italica. Fasc. I. Additamenta ad Vol. V. Galliae Cisalpinæ editit Hector Pais. Rome: Loescher. 15 fr.
NEUMANN, H. De futuris in prisorum Latinarum vulgari vel cotidiano sermone vi et usu. Pars I. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.
SCHNEIDER, J. De temporum apud prisos scriptores Latinos usu quaestiones selectae. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.
SCRIPTA anecdota antiquissimorum glossatorum, curante J. B. Palmerio. Vol. I. Bologna: Tip. Azzoguidi. 60 fr.
WEINGARTNER, F. Die mittellenglischen Fassungen der Partonopeussage u. ihr Verhältnis zum altfranzösischen Original. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.
ZEISSACK, A. Die beiden Handschriften v. Laymons Brut u. ihr Verhältnis zu einander. Breslau: Köhler. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE AND MR.
S. LANE-POOLE.

London: Aug. 26, 1888.

Will you kindly spare me space for a few lines touching matters personal?

I am again the victim (*Athenaeum*, August 25) of that everlasting *réclame*. Mr. S. Lane-Poole (I allow him the hyphen!) has contracted to "do" a life of Lord Stratford, and, *ergo*, he condemns me, in magisterial tone and a style of uncalled-for impertinence, to act as his "adv't." In relating how, by order of the late General Beatson, then commanding Bash-buzuks (*Bashi-bazuk* is the advertiser's own property), I volunteered to relieve Kars, how I laid the project before the "Great Eltchee," how it was received with the roughest language, and how my first plan was thoroughly "frustrated," I have told a true tale and no more. "A strange perversion of facts," cries the sapient criticaster, with that normal amenity which has won for him such honour and troops of unfriends—when his name was proposed as secretary to the R.A.S. all prophesied the speediest dissolution of that infirm body.

I am aware that Constantinople is not geographically "out of Europe." But when Mr. S. Lane-Poole shall have travelled a trifle more he may learn that ethnologically it is. In fact, most of South-Eastern Europe holds itself more or less non-European; and when a Montenegrin marries a Frenchwoman or a German, his family will tell you that he has wedded "a European."

"No one knows better than Sir R. Burton by what queer methods reputation may be annexed." Heavens, what English! And what may the man mean? But perhaps he alludes in his own silly, saltless, sneering way to my *Thousand Nights and a Night*, which has shown what the "uncle and master's" work should have been. Some two generations of *poules mouillées* have reprinted and republished Lane's "Arabian Notes" without having the simple honesty to correct a single *bévue*, or to abate one blunder; while they looked upon the *Arabian Nights* as their own especial rotten borough. But more of this in my tractate, "The Reviewer Reviewed," about to be printed as an appendix to my Supplemental Volume, No. vi.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

BYZANTINE INFLUENCE IN IRELAND.

Oxford: Aug. 20, 1888.

Can I enlist the help of any of the Irish scholars who have made so many valuable contributions to your pages in unravelling a clue which seems to promise results of no little interest and importance?

In his account of a group of MSS. in the library of the University of Würzburg (*Die ältesten Evangelienhandschriften der Würzburger Universitätsbibliothek*, Würzburg, 1887) Dr. G. Schepss mentions one, which he designates "J" and describes as written in Anglo-Saxon (? Irish) characters of the eighth century, with a commentary which he considers to be written not much later, in the ninth. This MS. contains the following remarkable note:

"Mosinu Maccumin scriba et abbas Bennicuir (= Bangor, the well-known monastery on the coast of Down) primus Hebernensium compotem (i. computum, i.e., rule for finding Easter) a greco quodam sapiente memorialiter didicit (i. didicit). Deinde Maccoros Maccumin Semon, quem Romani doctorem totius mundi nominabant alumnusque praefti scribae in insola quae dicitur Crannach Duinlethglaise, hanc scientiam literis fixit, ne memoria laboretur (Schepss, *ut sup.*, p. 27)."

Those who are concerned with early Irish history and palaeography will be at once struck by this mention of the Greek; but its importance depends upon the identification of the two persons with whom he is connected. To begin with the second, I strongly suspect that he is to be identified with the subject of two quotations in a note by Dr. Reeves (*Adamnan*, p. 85, ed. 1857):

"Cuaranus, sapiens, in Desiis Momoniae, est qui et Cronanus filius Nethsemonis dicitur" (*Mar. Gorm.*, February 9).

"Mochuarcus Sapiens in regione Desiorum quiescit: qui et Cronanus filius Nethsemonis dicitur. Vocatur Mochuarcus de Nona, ideo quod sit primus qui curavit celebrationem Missae fieri seorsim, quae cum media Nona apud antiquos celebrabatur" (*Colg. Act. SS.* p. 302.)

We may compare with this an entry in the *Calendar of the Saints of Ireland*, February 9, p. 43 (ed. Todd and Reeves): "Cuaran the wise, in Deisi Mumhan (=in Desiis, Decies). His name was Cronan Mac Nethseman." To which is appended a note: "The later hand has added in the margin, 'he is called Mochuarcus in the Felire of Aengus.' Mochuarcus is the devotional form of the name signifying 'my little Cuar or Cuaran.'" If this identification holds good, Colgan must be wrong in supposing the Cuaran, or Cronan, in question to be the same who visited St. Columba in Iona, as Bangor was at that date still under its first abbot, Comgall. The island called "Crannach Duinlethglaise," on the strength of a note in O'Donovan's *Annals of the Four Masters* (p. 298), I take to mean "a wooded island of Downpatrick"—probably one of the many islands at the south end of Strangford Lough, or is it possibly the modern parish of Inch? This is a point on which an Irish scholar would soon set one right. Another would be as to the connexion of "filius Nethsemonis" with the "Semon" of our extract. It will be seen that Cuaran is located at the time of his death in the district of Decies, in the county of Waterford; but that would not interfere with his having at an earlier period settled in the North, and Downpatrick is within easy reach of Bangor. The fact that both teacher and pupil bear the name "Maccumin" would seem to show that they were related to each other, and so would be naturally brought together.

The most plausible identification for the elder of the two relatives would seem to be with St. Sillan, son of Caimin, or Cumin, third Abbot of Bangor, who succeeded St. Beoghna in 605, and died February 28, 606. These are the dates in the *Annals of the Four Masters*; for the death of St. Sillan the *Chronicon Scotorum* (ed. Hennessy) and Tighernach (whose dates, however, I understand to be put in conjecturally by O'Connor) give 610, the *Annals of Ulster* 609. Again, I should be glad to know if any connexion can be established between the names "Mosinu" and "Sillan." I gather that "Mo-

is only a prefix. There does not appear to be any other "Maccumin" among the abbots of Bangor.

It has often been pointed out that there are traces of a Byzantine influence in the antiquities of Ireland and in the work of the Irish scribes, who, besides their illuminations, are fond of introducing a kind of bastard Greek character into their MSS. (Book of Mulling, Book of Armagh, MS. of Adamnan at Schaffhausen, &c.); but it has always been a perplexing question how that influence got there. Perhaps we have at last found one of the channels by which it was introduced. The time would suit well with what we know of its after ramifications.

W. SANDAY.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

Youghal: Aug. 2, 1898.

In the ACADEMY, No. 816, the Rolls' edition of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick must prove, I said, a notable addition to Irish hagiography. How far my forecast has been verified, the following additional * batches of curiosities will testify.

With regard to the *apparatus criticus*, two MSS., R (awlinson) and E (gerton), supply the text of the Tripartite. Whether they are of identical or different origin; and what is their critical worth, independently and by comparison, you will seek in vain through the introduction or elsewhere in this book. The Life in R. begins fol. 5, and ends fol. 30. Fol. 6 concludes with the first syllable of one word, fol. 7 commences with the last of another. Here is a lacuna which the editor fills up with ten pages from Colgan, and as many more from E. Have leaves been removed from the Oxford Codex; or did the scribe copy right on, unconscious of the hiatus? You can satisfy your curiosity in the Bodleian.

In philology, there is a lengthy synopsis of grammatical forms to prove the recent date of the composition. Its candour upon crucial points is beyond cavil. For instance, rather than admit *n* = pron. infix. pl. 3, *rolluic* = *ro-n-luic* (92), *rollasat* = *ro-n-lasat* (142), and *ronnig* = *ro-n-nig* (144) are not given under infixed pronouns. Nay more, *ronnig* is divided *ro-anig*, and classed a reduplicated preterite! (lxxxv.) Furthermore, *dothlágim* is printed (lxxvii.) *do-thlágim*, although *loichtho* (gl. inpetrandi) of the Milan Codex (62a) establishes that the *t* cannot be radical.

In literature, "Cod. 914" mentioned at third hand (cxvi.) is a myth. The MS. is 904, the well-known *Priscian* of Zeuss. Of a piece is the statement from the same reliable authority that St. Patrick is named patron of Ireland in the St. Gall liturgical fragment. The Stowe Missal it is assumed (clxxxv.) has sixty-six folios. The baptismal rubric, *Discendit etc.*, is referred to fol. 56b, and *aspergitur* given as the reading (clxxxiii.). The *Canon Missae* is not placed among the documentary proofs, though Mr. Whitley Stokes, for whose authority the editor ought to have some respect, thought the writing of the part containing Patrick's name was as old as the eighth century (Kuhn's *Zeit.* xvi. 498).

In liturgy, we find Adamnan's *consuetudo deprecatio* = prayer for the dead (cxiv.), *genuflexions* = prostrations (cxv.), *eylogia* = hallowed bread broken up for the Eucharist (clxxxv.), and, perhaps to show the inveteracy of error, *cursus* = the Mass (cxix.).

In theology and scripture, polygamy prevailed, we learn (clxviii.), because St. Patrick followed 1 Tim. iii. 2 in requiring a husband of one wife for bishop. Ps. lxxiii. 19, *ne tradas bestiis animas confitentes tibi* is noted: "Ps. xxi.

12, or perhaps xxiv. 17" (36). *Exsurgat Deus*, &c., with the editorial emendation [*sic*] after *fumus*, is given "Ps. lxviii." in one place (46), and "Ps. lxvii." in another (281). *Hii in curribus et hii in equis, nos autem in nomine Domini Dei nostri magni* is annotated "Ps. xx. 8" (44). Hereon there is a correction, "for magni, read magni [*ficabimur*], as in the Roman Psalter" (670). Elsewhere (280) the same excerpt is given, with *magni* replaced by *ambulabimus*. Then we find at foot "Ps. xix. 8, where for *ambulabimus* the Vulgate has *recordabimus*, the Gallican Psalter *invocabimus*, the Roman Psalter *magnificabimur*." The endings, namely, of v. 6 and v. 8 of Ps. xix. got mixed up in the editor's mind; but that we can pardon for the brilliant discovery of the active verb *recordare*!

Under "food" (cxlvii.), we have "dough (*does*, p. 458)." The passage is: "*coimlet toes cum[asc]tha fuil imotchend*—let them rub dough mixed with blood about thy head." For drollery, this bears the palm. To begin with, there is no Irish for "with." Secondly, *toes*, like *tordan* = *do ordan*, *tairechus* = *do airechus*, *thforcetal* = *do thforcetal* (252; cf. Z., 336-7), is *do oes*, *tua aetus*! Thirdly, *cum[asc]tha*, minus the intruded letters, is gen. sg. of *cumad* (lvi), *cumaid* (436 bis), *companionship*. The same case is found in three other places (54, 220, 436). Fourthly, the collective sb. *oes* with gen. is a living idiom: *oes oifrin*—mass-folk (120), *oes tedma*—sick people, *oes graid*—ordained persons (214), *oes ciuil*—musicians. The meaning, accordingly, is simply: "Let thy companions (*oes cumtha*) rub blood around thy head." Verily, a doughty disputant!

Under "carriage" (cxlviii.), the *carreine* is given as being drawn. The reference is as follows: "*Suidigther dochorp hi carreine forru*—let thy body be put into a little car behind them" (p. 252). *Forru*, however, means not behind them, but upon them. This proves that the vehicle in question was borne, not drawn.

Under "relics" (cxliii.), *martra sruithe* is translated "ancient relics." But *sruithe* in the primary sense (*sruithiu*, gl. antiquior, MI. 59d) is pointless as applied to relics. The secondary signification, "holy, venerable," is that required. This is shown by collation of the Würzburg gloss on Heb. vi. 13, *neminem habuit per quem iuraret maiorem* and the Milan gloss on the comment upon Ps. lix. 8, [*per*] *sanctitatem maiestatemque suam . . . iurando*. *Ni robe nech bad huaisliu*—there was not anybody that was nobler (Wb. 33d). *Nimboi ni bed sruithiu*—there was not a thing that was more holy (MI. 78a).

Connected herewith is a rendering too instructive to be passed over. "*Foraccuib Martin sruithi occu*—he left with them Martin, an elder" (468-9). *Martin*, no doubt, is found in *Lebar Brece* (28a, l. 26), that orthodox standard which Mr. Stokes referred to for the decision of eighth-century declensional forms. The true reading—some disdain arises at having to do such drudgery—is given in R.: *martrai sruithi*—venerable relics (194).

Before dealing with the text of the Tripartite, it will be of advantage to set down some contrasts taken at random. They illustrate the editor's wonted consistent accuracy in translation and citation.

MR. STOKES	versus	MR. STOKES.
Pp. 36-7, <i>nemthech ngla-noll</i> —a heavenly home, pure, great.		Pp. 450-1, <i>noemtech ngla-noll</i> —the all pure habitation.
"56-7, <i>dar mo debroth</i> —by my God's doom.		"460-1, <i>dar mo debroth</i> —by my God of judgment.
"155-6, <i>saigid doib for cech tellaig</i> —they shall attack every hill.		"480-1, <i>saigid doib for cech tellaig</i> —power(?) to them over every hearth.

* See ACADEMY, No. 843.

MR. STOKES	versus	MR. STOKES.
p. 214-5, <i>feib domnesat</i> <i>each dib dialaitiu</i> —as if each of them would outstrip the other.	Pp. 226-7, <i>feib douc each</i> <i>dib dialaitiu</i> —as each of them delivered him to another.	
" 281, <i>nolo ego ad iu-</i> <i>dicium</i> . Ar. 5 a 2.	" 460, <i>nolo ego in iu-</i> <i>dicium</i> . Ar. 5 a 1.	
" 300, <i>in cacuminibus</i> <i>Scirte</i> .	" 302, <i>in cacuminibus</i> <i>montis Scirte</i> .	
" 310, <i>non minus quam</i> .	" 372, <i>non minimum</i> <i>quam</i> .	

In the next letter I shall examine the text and subjects connected therewith.

B. MACCARTHY.

"BABIO-BABIA" IN NORTH ITALY.

London: August 25, 1888.

According to Mr. T. Gonino (see the number of the ACADEMY of to-day's date, p. 121), *babio-babia* is a collective name used in North Italy for tadpoles or even for small toads and frogs. Although I have never heard myself such an expression, I know that "toad" is *baggiu* in Genoese, *pabbi* or *babbi* in Milanese, *babi* in Piedmontese and Mentonese (see my "Names of European Reptiles in the living Neo-Latin Languages," printed in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1882-3-4, pp. 312-354).

It seems that the word *babio*, followed by its singular feminine, or, if one prefers, plural neuter form in *-a* (see my "On Neuter Neo-Latin Substantives," printed in the same *Transactions*, 1880-1, Appendix iii., pp. 47-66), means an aggregation of toads. And, if *babio-babia* is really used for "tadpoles" or "young and small toads and frogs," it is almost impossible not to think of the English words "baby, babe," and their plural "babies, babes," used for very young individuals of the human species (infants, young children), just as *babio-babia* is used for the young of the batrachian and salamander divisions belonging to the class of the amphibia.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

London: August 28, 1888.

In reference to the query contained in the last number of the ACADEMY it may be interesting to know that a common name for frog in South Lombardy is the Illyric *zaba*, a word evidently introduced by the Croatian soldiers who garrisoned for so many years the towns of Mantua and Cremona, and whose superstitious dread of frogs is well known. It is still used in vulgar parlance to express the idea that no one is listening to a conversation—"Canta zaba che villan dormo" (frog you may croak (sing) while peasant are asleep).

I never heard the form *babio-babia* used in Lombardy. It may possibly belong to the Piedmontese dialects.

F. SACCHI.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, September 5, 8 p. m. Elizabethan Literary Society: "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee.

SCIENCE.

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By Sir J. William Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS work consists of nine chapters, in which, among other matters, the subjects of the haunts and habits of primitive man in Bible and other lands, early man in Genesis, Egyptian stones and their teachings, Egypt and Israel, the topography of the Exodus, Palestine—its structure and history, and the resources and prospects of Bible lands are discussed. There is also a useful appendix on the

geology of the Nile Valley, Egyptian rocks, the modern deposits of the Nile, the geology of Palestine, and Egyptian flint implements.

The special object of the book, the author tells, us is "to notice the light which the scientific explorations of the countries of the Bible may throw on the character and statements of the book." His point of view is that of

"a geological observer, and his conclusions on matters of that kind," he says, "may be received as those of an expert; other departments, whether of science, history, or biblical interpretation and criticism, must occupy a subordinate position as not being specialties of the writer, and as consequently demanding in many cases dependence on the labours of others, verified, however, by his own reading and study of monuments and objects of art."

As a geological observer, Sir J. W. Dawson's opinions and explanations, when restricted to scientific matters, will doubtless meet with the respect and attention which they merit; but how far his Biblical interpretations of words and sentences will recommend themselves to philological readers is quite another question. He seems to be deeply impressed with the wonderful accuracy of the Bible.

"One can scarcely read," he writes, "a page of any ordinary poem or literary work, ancient or modern, without finding incorrect statements as to natural facts, or false hypothetical views, or quaint imaginative superstitions. The Bible is notably free from such peculiarities; and independently of its claims to inspiration, this property gives it a high degree of estimation in the eyes of a naturalist who is able to follow accurately its statements as to the world in which its writers moved."

Again—

"It is not too much to say that any plain man reading and pondering the history of the development of the creative plan in Genesis may obtain clearer and more correct views as to the origin and history of animal life * than it would be possible to reach by any amount of study of our modern popular evolutionary philosophy."

Sir J. W. Dawson is, as is well known, a very decided anti-evolutionist. The use of the word evolution by the school of Spencer and Darwin is characterised as being "a scientific sleight-of-hand or jugglery"—an expression with which he is evidently pleased, as he has used it elsewhere, but which deserves strong reprobation in the opinion of more modest men.

With regard to the Bible and science, there are mainly two methods of attempting to reconcile Scriptural statements with the ascertained facts of modern science, when they seem to be antagonistic. The "orthodox" man of science interprets the plain meaning of the Hebrew words so as to make them square with natural fact. The words are twisted from their obvious meaning to meet difficulties. The orthodox philologist, who is no scientist, accepts the plain and literal meaning of the Hebrew word, or expression. He repudiates with a most decided emphasis all attempts to put a forced construction on words; but he does not believe in the scientific

* A naturalist will probably doubt these "clearer and more correct views" of the Biblical writers on animal life when he remembers that the hare and the hyrax are erroneously placed among true ruminants.

facts, which he designates as "so-called inductions of natural science."

With regard to the "days" of creation, Sir J. W. Dawson says that

"the great antiquity of the earth and its preparation for long ages in the interest of man is an idea as old as the oldest literary monuments of our race, and in placing this in the definite form of creative days, the Old Testament is not deviating from the uniform tradition of antiquity. What," he asks, "if the writer in Genesis intended, and his successors in Hebrew literature understood, that the creative days are days of God, or Divine ages—Olamim, as they are elsewhere called—or which amounts to the same thing, that they represent such periods of time?"

The references adduced in proof of the above assertion are singularly unhappy. "The creative days," we are told, "are the antiquities of the earth spoken of in Proverbs viii.," presumably verse 23 is intended, where Wisdom says of herself, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was, when there were no depths," &c. The 'olamim here are not creative periods; the word refers to time before the creation of the world, the silent ages of eternity. The translation of the Authorised Version and Revised Version in Psalm xc. 2 (*meolam ad-'olam*), "from everlasting to everlasting," is, we are told, "unmeaning." It would, I imagine, be difficult to find a better rendering. At any rate, the time denoted is "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world." We are also informed that the Apostolic Church had the same view of the creative days and the Creator's rest, the words *aion* and *aionios* "referring to God's ages of working." In the passages quoted in support of this view (1 Cor. ii. 7; Eph. iii. 9; 1 Tim. i. 17; John i. 2, &c.; Heb. i. 2, iv. 4-12) there is nothing whatever to lead us to suppose that the creative days of Genesis were understood by the New Testament writers to mean creative periods. The fact is that no one ever thought of interpreting the days in Genesis to mean epochs and not literal days of twenty-four hours until geology cropped up its head; and it is not true that the idea of long creative periods having been obscured is "one of the lamentable inheritances of the middle ages."

Sometimes Sir J. W. Dawson introduces us to some very startling methods of interpretation. Thus we are told that the Hebrew word *deshe* does not mean "grass" as in the Authorised Version (and Revised Version), but the humbler cryptogams. There is no doubt about *deshe*, it means "young sprouting grass or vegetation." But wherefore the Dawsonian rendering? It will be seen that in Gen. i. 12, the *deshe* appeared on the third day, whereas existing vegetation, according to geology and the author's table of the "Physical and Biblical History of the Earth," did not appear till the sixth day, consequently *deshe* cannot mean "grass" but "cryptogams." If this is not a bold twist indeed, I know not what is. "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath cryptogams?" The answer is that he probably would. For

* Equally surprising are some other explanations of Hebrew words, such as *bedolach*, by "wampum"; *El* (God) is interjectional, expressing awe or wonder; *erets* (earth) indicates the sound of sand or soil when disturbed by digging.

"the great sea monsters" of the Revised Version (Gen. i. 21) "there is less warrant" than for the "great whales" of the Authorised Version. The *tannimim* must be either crocodiles or large serpents or creatures resembling them; and thus our author does not overlook the "age of reptiles." The *tannimim* certainly do mean crocodiles and serpents; but as some great sea monster is evidently meant by the Leviathan of "this great and wide sea" (Psalm civ. 25, 26), the Mediterranean, so the large extended *tannimim* of Gen. i. 21 may also well be great sea monsters, and the rendering of the Revised Version cannot, I imagine, be better given. Sir J. W. Dawson's restriction of the Hebrew word to mean crocodiles or reptiles of some kind is with a view to make the work of the fifth day harmonise with the palaeontological age of reptiles. "Great sea monsters" would include cetacea and aquatic mammalia, which are not wanted here, as they did not appear till the Kainozoic period, the author's sixth creative day.

We are informed that the three terms used to denote mammalian quadrupeds are translated, even in the Revised Version, "by the notably incorrect words, 'cattle, creeping things, and beasts of the earth.'" The translation of the Authorised Version and Revised Version is quite correct: *behémáh*, in Gen. i. 24, denotes "domestic cattle," in contradistinction to the *khayethó-erets*, "wild beasts," whether carnivorous or otherwise; *remes* signifies "creeping things," such as lizards, snakes, worms, &c., and there is no authority whatever for restricting it in this passage to "the smaller quadrupeds of the land." The LXX. explain the Hebrew word by *ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς*, the Vulgate by *reptilia*. The alteration is made to suit the palaeontological order of succession. The *remes*, according to Genesis, appeared on the sixth day; according to geology, reptiles appeared on the fifth creative period, and therefore *remes* must not mean reptiles. "It requires no special scholarship," we are told, "but only the industry to use a Hebrew concordance to discover the simple and familiar use of these words in the Old Testament." *Remes* evidently here denotes the "creeping things of the earth," as opposed to *sherets*, "the swarming things of the waters," otherwise the reptiles, &c. of the land are entirely unrepresented. The Hebrew verbs, *bārâ* and *ásâh*, are adduced as an instance of the "strangely unerring instinct" with which the writer of Genesis "seizes the relative importance of different kinds of creative work." The distinction between *bārâ* and *ásâh* is fanciful, as has been often shown; both verbs are used promiscuously, and are regarded as synonyms (see Gen. i. 7, 16, 21, 26, 27; and ii. 3, 4). In Isa. xlv. 18, *bārâ*, *ásâh*, and *yátsar*, as applied to divine acts, are clearly synonyms; while, in v. 7, "this great word" *bārâ* is applied to God's creation of darkness and evil. As an instance of "ignorant misconception leading to a gratuitous correction," Sir J. W. Dawson adduces the conjectural reading of "wild beasts of the earth," instead of "the earth," in Gen. i. 26.

"The writer having in view the fact stated later, that man in Eden was placed with a peculiar and select group of animals, probably limits these words intentionally and implies

that man's dominion at first did not extend over the larger carnivora with which it may be inferred that in Eden he had no acquaintance."

Why must we suppose that Adam's dominion was at first thus limited, and that large carnivora were absent from Eden? In Gen. ii. 20, we read that "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field" (*lecol khayyath hassádeh*); and if we look at Lev. xxvi. 22, we shall find that the "beasts of the field" include large carnivora destructive to cattle. There may be no valid reason for supposing that *khayyath* has fallen out of the text (Gen. i. 26); but the conjectural reading has the support of the Syriac version, and there is here neither ignorant misconception nor gratuitous correction. One has generally supposed that Adam, created after God's own image, was created at the very first as gifted with language; but this, it appears, is one of our ignorant misconceptions, for "the narrative in Genesis," we are told,

"represents man at first as destitute of speech. He was alone, and so had no need of speech, and is introduced to this gift in anticipation of having a partner. His first lesson in speech is in naming the animals, which he did by imitating their sounds."

Where in Genesis, or elsewhere, is Adam represented as at first destitute of speech? On Eve's expression on the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," i.e., most probably "by the help of the Lord," we read (p. 239)—

"Eve herself seems to have regarded her first-born as the promised seed. She calls him Cain (= geneos), because she had got or produced him (Kana), and she connects him with Jahveh in a manner suited to her undeveloped grammar, and which is scarcely translatable by us. 'I have gotten a man—the Jahveh,' an identification with God who had given this man, and with the coming man, plain to those who take the words simply as they were said, but inscrutable to critical minds";

yet the ungrammatical Eve is represented before the fall as holding intelligible conversation in very good grammar with the serpent—in what language it would be quite impossible to divine; presumably it would consist largely of sibilants, while the most orthodox believer may be pardoned for refusing to believe that Eve recognised in Cain the seed, i.e., the incarnate Deity, who was to bruise the serpent's head.

The deluge is regarded by our author as in no respect incomprehensible as a geological phenomenon. The narrative purports to be that of an eye witness. All the incidents, if historical in any degree, must consist of the notes of an eye-witness. Noah's deluge was not universal, the whole earth of the narrator was simply his visible horizon, and the animals taken into the ark must have been limited to the fauna of the district of the narrator.

"The lists actually given in Genesis exclude the larger carnivorous animals, though it is true that these are usually present in the toy Noah's arks, from which most persons seem to have derived their ideas of the inmates of Noah's ship."

Much of this is opposed to the plain meaning of the Bible narrative. According to Genesis, the flood was universal; and until geological and other natural science difficulties arose, it

was, with one or two exceptions, always accepted as such. Why are we to suppose that the larger carnivora were not taken into the ark? Where do the lists in Genesis exclude them? In Gen. vi. 19 we read: "Every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark"; see, also, Gen. vii. 14: "Every beast after its kind (*col ha-khayyáth*), and all the cattle (*col ha-behémáh*) after their kind, went in unto Noah into the ark." One may not get a very good idea of the inmates of Noah's ark from the children's well-known toy, but Sir W. Dawson's notion is opposed to the Bible story. Considering the comprehensive statements in Genesis, one may decidedly object to Noah's company in the ark which he so successfully floated being thus made a limited liability one.

Those chapters which are free from the author's Biblical explanations contain much interesting reading and valuable matter. To the scientific student the appendix on the geology of Egypt and the Nile Valley, and on that of Palestine, will perhaps be the most valuable part of the work. When Sir J. W. Dawson writes on purely geological subjects one may sit at his feet and listen with attention and respect; but as regards his Biblical explanations—*Caveat lector*, they are not, most certainly, "specialities of the writer."

W. HOUGHTON.

OBITUARY.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S.

WE have to record the death of the veteran naturalist and author, Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, which occurred on August 23, at St. Marychurch, near Torquay, where he had resided for many years.

Mr. Gosse was born in 1810 at Worcester; but his parents soon afterwards moved to Poole, in Dorsetshire, where his lifelong passion for zoology was first developed. While little more than a boy, in 1827, he went out to Newfoundland as clerk in a merchant's office. There he passed eight years, and subsequently travelled for some time through Canada, the United States, and Jamaica, studying at first hand all departments of natural history, and especially insects and birds. His early career thus adds another example to the many which prove that foreign travel is the best school for scientific research.

On returning to England Mr. Gosse immediately showed himself as active with his pen as he had formerly been in observation. It would be impossible to enumerate here all his published works, which number nearly fifty volumes, apart from papers contributed to the *Transactions* of learned societies. The two subjects with which his name will always be specially associated are the popularisation of seaside zoology and the marine aquarium; and the microscopic investigation of that curious aquatic group known as the Rotifera or "wheel-animalcules." His first book on *The Aquarium* appeared in 1854; and so late as 1886 was published the last part of the handsome monograph on *The Rotifera*, in which his fellow-worker was Mr. C. T. Hudson. But there was no form of natural history in which Mr. Gosse did not take an interest. In his old age he became an enthusiastic grower of orchids, possessing, at last, one of the finest private collections in the West of England. He was also an admirable draughtsman, and always illustrated his own works—frequently with coloured plates—so that their value keeps up well in the market to the present day.

No notice of Mr. Gosse would be complete that omitted to mention the strongly developed religious side of his character. His personal affinities, we believe, lay with the sect commonly called Plymouth Brethren, though they do not themselves accept that designation; and not a few of his books are concerned directly with the history of the Jews and the interpretation of Scripture.

Mr. Gosse leaves an only son, who has inherited his father's literary ardour, though directed into other channels.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE REV. H. H. WINWOOD, of Bath, has prepared an admirable sketch of the geology of the surrounding district, which will appear in the handbook compiled for the forthcoming visit of the British Association. The text is accompanied by a coloured geological map, showing Bath as a centre, and stretching thence as far as Bristol on the west, Devizes on the east, Wells on the south, and Malmesbury and Wickwar on the north. This excellent map, based on the work of the Geological Survey, has been prepared under the care of Mr. H. B. Woodward. The handbook, which is edited by Mr. J. W. Morris, also contains contributions from Dr. Beddoe, Prebendary Searth, Prof. Earle, Mr. C. W. Dymond, Mr. C. E. Davis, &c. It is published by Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons, of Bath.

MR. C. LLOYD MORGAN, professor of geology at University College, Bristol, has printed in pamphlet form a paper recently read before the Bristol Naturalists' Society, entitled "The Mendips: A Geological Reverie." In this he pictures, with the help of outline maps, the geological history of the tract in question from the Devonian period downwards, following much the same method as Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne has done in his *Building of the British Isles*, issued only last week by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Prof. Morgan's pamphlet is published by Mr. J. Baker, of Clifton.

FINE ART.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING AT BERLIN.

Italianische Bildhauer der Renaissance. W. Bode. Studien zur Geschichte der italienischen Plastik und Malerei auf Grund der Bildwerke und Gemälde in den Königl. Museen zu Berlin. (Berlin: Spemann).

THE series of articles that compose this book have appeared before in a Berlin quarterly paper, and only very few alterations have been introduced in this reprint. The purpose of their separate publication is, in the words of the writer,

"to throw new light especially on those epochs in the development of plastic art in Italy, about which heretofore misconceptions have prevailed, by critically examining the collection of sculptures in the Berlin Museum."

In fact, it is not too much to say that the arguments here brought forward tend to conclusions which, if accepted, would become the foundation of quite a new history of Italian art, being based on principles that are the very negation of our generally received views. The foundation stones for such a novel edifice are to be found, according to Dr. Bode, in the late acquisitions of the Berlin Museum; and we may therefore describe the articles before us as being an *oratio pro domo*, considering that most of the new

additions to the collection of Italian pictures and sculptures in Berlin are due to his own indefatigable exertions.

About one-third of the subjects discussed in this book relate to the Florentine sculptor, Andrea del Verrocchio. The following remarkable introductory statement is worth quoting:

"The works of Verrocchio, and of his pupils, in the Berlin Museum are evidently inferior to a number of sculptures by other Italian masters in the same collection, which have been identified long ago. None of those by Verrocchio have hitherto been recognised as such, nor have they attracted any attention. Their special interest is based on the fact that they serve us as a starting-point for a better understanding of this great master."

No doubt, Verrocchio has always been acknowledged to be one of the greatest Florentine artists by all who have studied his imposing plastic works, especially the equestrian monument of Colleoni at Venice, and the angel-boy with the fish in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. But in the face of such masterpieces we feel little temptation to range side by side with them such indifferent productions as most of the sculptures and pictures in which Dr. Bode claims to have discovered Verrocchio's hand. But to avoid a discussion of the merits of the works of art lately brought together by the Berlin director, we prefer to say here a few words about a set of drawings, scattered in various collections, which Dr. Bode is wont to call Verrocchio's sketch-book. Nearly all of these have been reproduced by photography, and students will therefore have no difficulty in controlling the rival views about them. On p. 93 they are enumerated, and we quite agree with Dr. Bode so far as accepting them as the production of one and the same artist. Nor do we wish to question his statement that they remind us occasionally of Verrocchio. But, on the other hand, we must say that their striking artistic deficiencies forbid us to rank them as the production of any artist of renown. The drawing of the figures is quite out of proportion, especially in the children with their swollen legs and thin arms. The outlines are awkward, and the modelling by means of parallel lines is rough and poor. The drawing of the horses is altogether a failure. On some of the sheets are MS. notes, evidently by the same hand. They treat of incidents in the *bottega* and similar matter, and twice we find here the date 1459. How can this be reconciled with the fact that Verrocchio had died a year previous? A final judgment on these drawings ought also to depend on a comparison with some drawings which Dr. Bode omits to mention, but which appear to us to be the only existing genuine sketches of Verrocchio's, viz., the head of an angel in the Uffizi at Florence (Phot. Braun, No. 426), and in the Louvre a sheet in octavo, with pen-and-ink sketches of five *putti* on one side and four on the reverse, with six and a half lines of writing—very unlike the writing on the pseudo-Verrocchio sheets hung close by (Coll. His de la Salle, Nos. 111, 114, 115, 118). In the sketching of the feet and of the legs, and in the treatment of the hair, there is also in these genuine drawings of Verrocchio a marked similarity with some early drawings

of Verrocchio's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, in the Print-room of the British Museum. Another authentic drawing of Verrocchio's is the fine figure of a flying angel, also in the British Museum—a sketch for his well-known monument at Pistoja. This Dr. Bode describes as being by Lorenzo di Credi (p. 150). In our opinion the differences in style and quality between these genuine drawings and those of the so-called sketch-book are self-evident, so that we feel no inclination to enter into further discussion about Verrocchio and his pupils with those who hesitate to admit these fundamental differences.

In the Berlin Museum there has lately been exhibited a large altarpiece, representing the Resurrection of Christ (woodcut, p. 160), which Dr. Bode proclaims to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Some forty years ago the picture had already been put up in the museum under the more modest, yet more acceptable, heading of "School of Milan." Some time afterwards Dr. Waagen decided to give this weak and unattractive picture a resting-place in the storehouse of the museum, where it remained until Dr. Bode made this striking discovery. Events in art history of this kind are sure to become popular within a short space. Thus Giorgione's Venus in the Dresden Gallery and the Hermes by Praxiteles, although discovered quite lately, are already familiar to the public at large. The Leonardo of the Berlin Museum and the so-called St. John, ascribed by Dr. Bode to Michelangelo, will they share a similar fate? We shall be much surprised if the learned director succeeds in his manifold efforts to bring about such a change in the mind of independent critics and in the taste of the public as to make them enthusiastic for these discoveries of his.

"The statue of the charming youth in the act of tasting honey, whom nothing but the lamb's skin round his hips betrays as being intended for St. John"—according to Dr. Bode the lost "Giovannino" of Michel Angelo—is at all events not a "San Giovannino," but rather a "San Giovanni 'Giovannetto.'" By the former term is to be understood a boy of four or five years of age, by the latter a youth of between eight and fifteen. Dr. Bode seems to be aware of this distinction, yet his arguments on this very point (p. 274) are far from consistent with it. It is certainly interesting to read his story how the statue came to be ascribed to Michel Angelo before it left the house of a private gentleman at Pisa for Berlin. Mazzarosa and Milanese, in their edition of *Vasari*, have, we believe, rightly described this statue as representing the shepherd Aristaeus, the pupil of the Melissae (bees), and as being the production of some inferior artist.

The articles on Luca and Andrea della Robbia are, we are glad to state, more acceptable contributions to the history of Renaissance plastic art. The chapter on Florentine terra-cottas contains much valuable information, and so also does that on cinquecento plastic portraiture. In this branch the Berlin Museum is especially rich, and the present discussion is the more interesting because nearly all the works here described are generally admitted to be of real artistic merit.

It is a pity that the writer has paid but little attention to style. His meaning remains

occasionally obscure, and in some instances even contradictory. Some errors may be elaps of the pen. Gattamelata is called Erasmo dei Narni, as if Narni had been a family name, whereas he was a native of Narni, and should therefore be called Erasmo da Narni. J. PAUL RICHTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSÔS KING RĀIAN OR KHIAN.

Weston-super-Mare: August 24, 1888.

Mr. Flinders Petrie's letter in last week's ACADEMY gives reasons for reading the name of the king whose sculptured throne and legs were found by M. Naville at Bubastis "Khian," rather than "Rā-ian," for he says that scarabs exist which support that reading. In the monument (of which a photograph is before me), the central boss of the first sign is lacking, which ought properly to mark it as Rā; and this would agree with its being the sieve-like sign with cross-hatching which is equivalent to Greek χ , or English *kh*. Mr. Petrie has kindly sent me the inscriptions on the scarabs to which he refers, the one at Athens, the other belonging to Signor Lanzzone. If the latter is intended for the same name, it appears to settle the value of the first sign, which is properly hatched with the cross-lines. If we must read "Khian" the name may still be intended by the IANNAΣ of Manetho, with rough breathing, as Prof. Sayce suggests.

But what I have to say is that in this case we may, perhaps, find for the first time traces of a Hyksôs proper name in Northern Syria; for Assur-nazirpal received tribute from Khaian of Khindani "on the further bank of the Euphrates," that is on the western side, south of the junction of the Khabîr. And Shalmaneser II. took tribute of Khaian the son of Gabar in Northern Syria towards the west. There are local traces of such a name, especially the ancient ruins and great tanks of Khurbet Haiyân, east of Bethel, which have been thought to mark the site of the important Canaanite city 'Ai. Prof. Sayce and Mr. Petrie agree with me in thinking that the Syrian name Khaian may throw light on the Khian of the scarab, and (if so be) of the Bubastis statue, and I submit these suggestions to those who can best put them to the proof. There is a village called Beni Haiyân as high up in Palestine as Dan, where the houses are built of ancient wrought stones. It is said to be called after an Arab tribe of that name.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

P.S.—What Mr. Petrie says of the value of minor relics is worthy of great attention, as all readers of Wiedemann's invaluable *Aegyptische Geschichte* will agree. When will Mr. Petrie publish his very large and important collection of inscriptions of scarabs? This would put in our hands the information to which he refers us.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

As rumours have got into print that Miss Amelia B. Edwards's health has broken down through "over work," it may be as well to state briefly the facts here. About two months ago she had a sharp attack of typhoid fever, from which her recovery was necessarily slow. However, she regained strength from a visit to the North; and she has now returned to her autumn home at Weston-super-Mare—and to her work.

WE are glad to hear—especially as a suggestion to that effect was made at the time in the ACADEMY—that some of the unique series of painted portraits found by Mr. W. M. Flinders

Petrie last winter in the Fayûm, and recently exhibited by him in London, have been acquired by the National Gallery. Five have been purchased, and six have been presented by Mr. H. Mostyn Kennard, who has also presented two of the corresponding mummies to the British Museum. A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the fact that these portraits have already attracted the enterprise of forgers.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the Musical Festival, an extremely interesting exhibition of pictures has been opened in the Municipal Art Gallery at Birmingham. The curator, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, has obtained on loan a number of old masters from the Dukes of Westminster and Norfolk, the Marquises of Hertford and Lansdowne, the Earls of Dartmouth and Coventry, Lord Windsor, &c. But by far the most attractive portion of the collection is the unique series of historical portraits lent by Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, of Belhus, in Essex, who has inherited them through his descent from Lord Dacre of the South. Among them is a panel by Holbein, representing Thomas Fienes, ninth baron, who was executed temp. Henry VIII. for participation in a poaching fray, as all visitors to Hurstmonceux know.

On Monday next, September 3, the eighteenth autumn exhibition of pictures will be opened at Liverpool, in the Walker Art Gallery.

MUSIC.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Birmingham: Aug. 29, 1888.

THE presence of Gounod gave special *éclat* to the Festival of 1882, and the brilliant success of "The Redemption" added to its fame. Then, in 1885 there was the attraction of "Mors et Vita," and Herr Dvorák came and conquered with his "Spectre's Bride." This year, so far as novelties are concerned, the committee has had to rely solely on English composers. Herr Dvorák was asked to contribute a work, but, for some reason or other, he was unwilling to comply with the request. One may regret the absence of the foreign element; but if Dr. Parry's Oratorio and Dr. Bridge's Dramatic Cantata give satisfaction—and it seems most likely that they will—the Festival of 1888 will not have been held in vain.

Dr. Richter assumes command for the second time; and again, in the preparatory work at the London rehearsals, and at Birmingham, he has proved himself a most careful, capable, and energetic conductor. He is eminently practical, and the performers cannot but feel that if he does not grudge time neither does he waste it.

Before noticing the opening day of the festival, it is only fair to Dr. Richter to mention the long band rehearsals held last week in London, and the two hard days' work here on the following Saturday and Monday. The conductor has a good band, though still weak in strings, a fine choir, and experienced vocalists; but he leaves nothing to chance. It is at rehearsal, and generally in small matters, that one perceives Herr Richter's greatness.

Tuesday morning was devoted to the "Elijah." Mendelssohn's Oratorio, despite time and the changes which time inevitably brings, is still a popular work; and, naturally, nowhere more so than at Birmingham, the place of its first production two-and-forty years ago. After the singing of the National Anthem commenced the well-known recitative, and the rendering of the overture showed promise of a good performance. And, in fact—though here and there some little shortcomings might be noticed—it was indeed excellent. It is said that Dr. Richter has little or no sympathy with the

music. Whether this be so or not, we cannot say; but this much is certain, that he gives no clue to his feelings in his conducting. Throughout, the accompaniments to the solos were most delicate, and orchestra and chorus were well balanced. The Birmingham choir has always been noted for the good quality of its voices, and for delicacy; and this year proves no exception. A want of dash and brilliancy at certain moments is about all we can complain of. The basses are exceedingly good; next to them we would place the tenors and contraltos. The trebles come last; but not because they are bad. They are of rich and fresh quality, but are certainly weak in the high notes. They are probably young voices, not yet fully developed. The principal vocalists were M^{me}. Albani, Miss A. Williams, Mesdames Trebelli and Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley; all of whom were in excellent voice. Miss Williams deserves special praise for her clear and dramatic singing in the first part. Mr. Santley, being in good voice, the "Widow" scene came out well. Miss Ambler, Messrs. Piercy and Brereton and Signor Foli took part in the double Quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge"; and we have seldom heard a smoother rendering. Mr. C. W. Perkins, who presided for the first time at the organ at these festivals, deserves high commendations for his judicious accompaniments.

The evening concert commenced with Dvorák's "Stabat Mater." The performance of this noble setting of the Latin Hymn was a grand success for everyone concerned in it. Dr. Richter's reading of the music differs considerably from that of the composer: there is less of the *tempo rubato*; yet, on the whole, we perhaps prefer it, as being more solemn and dignified. It is difficult to imagine anything more delightful than the tone of the choir in the soft passages, as for example in the "Eia Mater," yet with proper emphasis of the impressive forte "Fac," or in the lovely passage with organ accompaniment, "Sancta Mater," in the following number. Of the soloists, M^{me}. Albani sang with great fervour; M^{me}. Trebelli proved a worthy associate, though perhaps she did not show sufficient depth of feeling in the "Inflamatus." Mr. Piercy's pleasing voice was heard to advantage, especially in quiet, sustained passages; and Mr. Brereton sang remarkably well. The "Stabat Mater" is a wonderful specimen of modern religious music. It is no longer possible to imitate Bach and Handel, who naturally expressed their grand thoughts in the phraseology of their day. Dvorák's work has form, yet it is not formal; it is dramatic, yet not theatrical; exciting, yet not sensational.

The programme included Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Liszt's Third Hungarian Rhapsody, and Weber's "Oberon" Overture. M^{me}. Albani sang an interesting scena added by Mr. Goring Thomas to his opera "Esmeralda" for the proposed performance on the Italian stage. The orchestration is most effective. Signor Foli sang "Qui sdegno" from "Flauto Magico."

On Wednesday morning Dr. Parry's "Judith" was produced, and the composer wisely entrusted his work to the care of Dr. Richter. Last week we ventured a few remarks after reading the score, and attending the London rehearsal. There are traces of the influence of various composers; but there is something so frank and natural in the way in which everything is presented, that one cannot bring any charge of imitation against the composer. For the orchestral introduction we do not care much. Dr. Parry has here hinted at some of the themes in the work; but it is no prelude in the Gluck-Wagner sense, and as abstract music scarcely has sufficient interest. The "Moloch"

choruses in the first act have a certain rugged grandeur and originality. There are some fine dramatic touches, such as the change from crotchets to quavers to the words "Hear us"; the call for the children "to pass through the fire"; and the whole of the choruses "Great Queen" and "Moloch, hear us now," are full of point and vigour. Indeed, the first act appears to us by far the best part of the work. The second scene, entitled "The Children," is certainly quaint, if not particularly original. The quaint "ballad" which Queen Meshulleth sings to her sons is a cross between an old English ballad and a certain *Volklied* in "Die Meistersinger." The Intermezzo, entitled "The Repentance of Manasseh," a tenor solo, is a clever piece of writing in the spirit of Bach. The chorus at the opening of the second act, in which mention is made of the desolate state of the land and of the captivity of the king, is very effective, and admirably written for the voices. It comes out well in performance. Next we have a smoothly written solo for contralto, "The Lord is long-suffering." It commences appropriately with the opening phrase of the Intermezzo. A word or two here respecting the use made by Dr. Parry of representative themes may not be out of place. They are not introduced in season and out of season. For example, a "Moloch" motive is heard in the orchestra when the queen speaks to her sons "of the defilement of Jehovah's temples, and of the contemning of His word." An Assyrian motive is introduced as the chorus sing of the glory departed from Jerusalem. And once more this same phrase is effectively used in the finale, when Judith utters her song of praise.

But to return to the second act. The chorus, "Our King is come again," is in fugal style, and the taking up of the phrases by the different parts is well suited to the words. The tenor solo and trio which follow are well written, but tame. The short chorus, "Woe, woe," is, however, vigorous and expressive. Judith's solo, "Let us give thanks," lacks character. The chorus, "The God of our Fathers," is a scholarly piece of writing, but a little too much in the Mendelssohnian vein.

The "Exploit of Judith" is very interesting. After a graceful orchestral introduction, with an ear-catching theme, we hear the watchmen on the walls, and their measured pace and anxious enquiries are graphically depicted, yet with simplicity. The king sings a short solo, in which the style both of the melody and the accompaniment strongly recall Gounod. The chorus, "Arise, O Israel," with which this section concludes, is quite exciting: it is terse and vigorous. The tenor solo, "God breaketh the battle," is effective, but in the style of Handel.

The finale opens with a solo for Judith—one of the best in the work. Then follows a long choral movement, cleverly constructed, and full of effective points.

Dr. Parry's Oratorio is certainly his best work, and a credit to English art. The orchestration throughout is singularly clear and effective, and at times most delicate. The performance was most praiseworthy; the chorus sang heartily, and evidently the music was to their liking. This is not surprising, for Dr. Parry gave them solid and grateful work. Miss A. Williams was admirable in the trying part of Judith. Mme. Patey (the Queen), Mr. Lloyd (Manasseh), and Mr. Santley all made the very most of their parts. In the children's scene, Masters Percy Fry and Frank Stephens, from the Westminster Abbey Choir, represented the sons of Manasseh, and their pure singing gave great satisfaction. Dr. Richter conducted with immense care. At the close of the first act, the composer was called to the platform, and at the conclusion of the work

was enthusiastically applauded, both by audience and performers.

The programme further included Robert Franz's unaccompanied setting of the 117th Psalm, and Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 7 of the Solomon set). The former was beautifully sung by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Stockley, whose patient efforts are now being rewarded with so much success.

Time compels us to notice very briefly Wednesday evening's performance. Fortunately the "Golden Legend" needs no word of praise from us. Concerning Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd, it will be sufficient to say that they did their best. Mme. Trebelli was correct, but cold. Signor Foli's intentions were good, but his voice bad. The rendering, in spite of many good points both in band and choir, was not up to the Richter standard: at times it lacked crispness, at times heartiness. It is unfortunate that this performance should have given rise to the correspondence between Sir A. Sullivan and Mr. R. H. Millward, the chairman of the Festival Committee. The composer was, very naturally, vexed at not being consulted in the matter; and the committee appear to have acted with little or no thought.

Herr Grieg conducted his interesting and characteristic Concert Overture (Op. 11), based on one of his songs and on a popular Norwegian melody, and he met with a hearty reception.

The programme included the "Invocation to Hope," from "Fidelio," to be sung by Miss A. Williams, and the "Meistersinger" Overture, to which the conductor would do full justice. The attendances both yesterday and to-day have been very good.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL, whose death we briefly recorded last week, was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Chappell, who, with J. B. Cramer, the once famous pianist, and Latour, the once fashionable teacher, established the firm of Chappell & Co. in 1812. On the father's death, his widow and his sons carried on the business. But William was from an early age bent on literature rather than on commerce. Already, in 1840, he projected the Musical Antiquarian Society, for which he edited Dowland's songs. About this time, too, he published his *Collection of National English Airs*, making the most of the scanty material at his disposal. This work was afterwards enlarged, becoming the well-known *Popular Music of the Olden Times*. It was Mr. Chappell who, by means of dates in the original handwriting of the monks, hitherto overlooked, fixed the thirteenth century as the period in which the famous canon, "Sumer is icumen," was written. On the subject of minstrels and minstrelsy he had much to say. Mr. Chappell himself remarks: "No poets of any country make such frequent and enthusiastic mention of minstrelsy as the English. There is scarcely an old poem but abounds with the praises of music." Mr. W. A. Barrett, in his *English Glee and Part-Songs*, justly describes this work as "written to refute the statement that England is not a musical nation." In 1874 appeared the first volume of Chappell's *History of Music*. In this the author commenced with the earliest records, and gave explanation of ancient systems of music, musical instruments, and of the true physiological basis for the science of music. Unfortunately, this work, promising to be one of great research and learning, was never completed. Mr. William Chappell was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, at one time treasurer of the Camden Society, and also connected with many other learned societies.

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